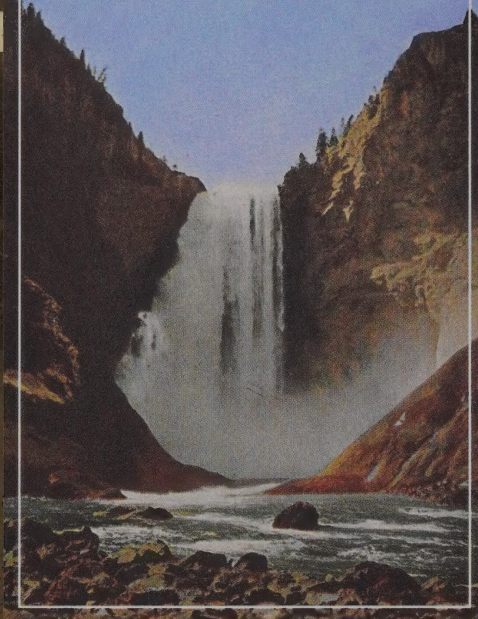


A. Dean and Jean M. Larsen
Yellowstone Park Collection



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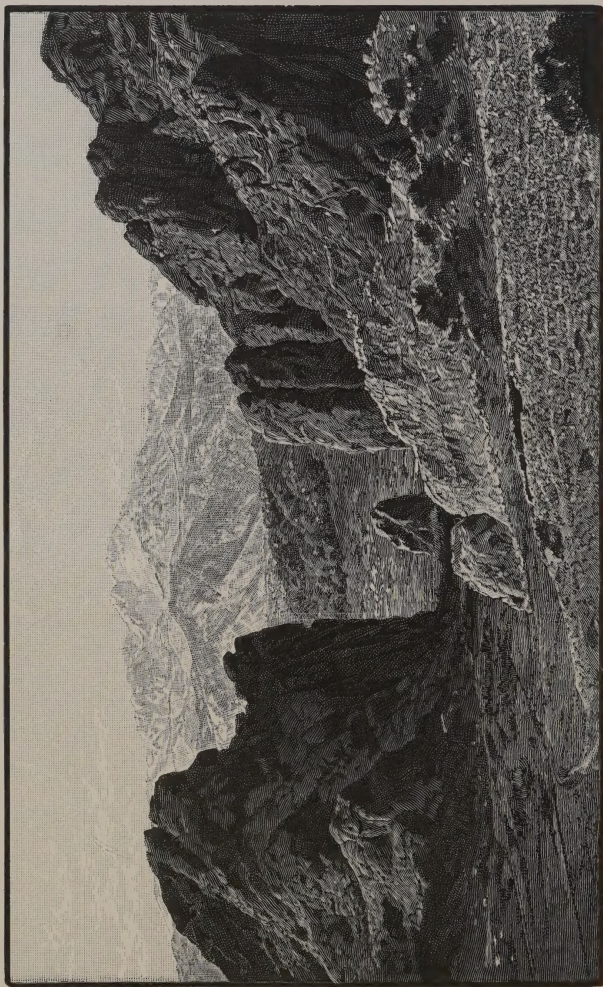


3 1197 22757 4297

Mr. Heber Grant.

With the compliments of the
Birthness.

New York, May 14th 1887.



GATEWAY, GARDEN OF THE GODS, MANITOU SPRINGS, COLORADO.

p.c.

TO THE

PACIFIC AND BACK.

BY

MRS. J. A. I. WASHBURN.

— B. Y. U.
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U. V. G.
W. A. B. L.
H. A. T. L. O. V. O. R. N.

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PREFACE

These letters were commenced as we started on our trip across the continent, with no idea of their continuance, but they met with favor at home, and the pleasure of sharing with my children the impressions stamped upon my own mind by the various scenes that we passed through, and the relief afforded to the monotony of many an otherwise weary hour, induced me to persevere.

Upon our return we found that all of the little penciled leaves had been kept intact, but were exceedingly inconvenient for ready reference; hence their appearance in this form, supplemented by some of my husband's letters, which fill gaps occurring in my own, portions referring to merely personal matters being omitted.

I dedicate this little volume to my children, to whom the letters were originally addressed.

J. A. I. W.

NEW YORK, *April, 1887.*

TO THE PACIFIC AND BACK.

ON THE CANADA SOUTHERN RAILROAD,

Wednesday morning, 8.20 o'clock,

May 5th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We are passing through an uninteresting country just now, but we have had a delightful morning. To go back. After leaving you at the Grand Central Depot, the evening did not seem so very tedious, and, after joining Mr. S. at Albany, we retired about half-past ten o'clock. Our sections were made up as Mrs. B. suggested, with no partition between us, and the room really seemed spacious and as comfortable as could be in this heathenish way of traveling. I slept well all night, and did not awake this morning till nearly six o'clock. I looked, or, as little Grace would put it, peeked over to see father, but lo and behold! he was gone, *even before we arrived at Salt Lake*. However, I began to dress, and shortly after he appeared, fully equipped and ready to help me. I refused assistance, having

made up my mind to be independent for a novelty, but when it came to boots, I gave in and allowed my noble lord to approach and button them. I have not been car-sick so far, which is a comfort. We had a delicious breakfast, with fair appetites, after leaving Buffalo. We were in time to see the falls, and were in sight of the river for a long way. At Falls View Station the cars stopped for all to get off five minutes, and then we had as fine a view of the Canadian side as could be desired.

And now, as I said, we are passing through a country, interesting to me only as I look at the fresh green grass and young trees putting forth their variety of foliage. The rain fell all night, so everything is clean; I can't quite say bright, for the clouds still hover, though broken and almost ready to clear. I have forgotten to say that the apple-trees were in bloom up the Hudson, as well as the shad-blows and box-woods, and so far to-day the cherry and pear-trees are in their beauty.

A quarter of twelve: We hope in about three-quarters of an hour to reach Windsor, a point in Canada opposite to Detroit, which latter place we approach by a ferry across the river and where we expect to dine about one o'clock. Windsor is a place where so many of our scape-graces go to get out of the clutches of the law.

The journey through Canada has been monotonous enough, generally through stumps and miserable dwellings, enlivened by an occasional lumber mill, and, to make the morning longer, father at a certain point came and said: "You had better turn your watch back an hour, as we have now reached another kind of time." It was in bad enough taste to add an hour to my forenoon, but worse than this, I was very much hurt by the reflection upon my watch. He had not turned his own back, but calculates every time. He seems to think my watch of no consequence whatever.

Five o'clock: We have really had a very agreeable afternoon, and are at Kalamazoo, just half-way from Detroit to Chicago, where we hope to arrive at half-past nine. We had a good dinner at Detroit, and since leaving there the scenery has changed entirely. It is undulating, well cultivated, and many of the farmers' houses are fine mansions. The orchards are in their glory here; the hill-sides are of all shades of green, and the soil is so good that every spot is covered with growing crops or grass; even the railway tracks go through what seems like a lovely lawn. We have passed through Ann Arbor, Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, cities of thrift, and delightful to look upon, all situated on the hill-sides, whose slopes are extremely beautiful;

and then much of the way lies beside a river where the verdure runs down the bank to the very edge, and these banks are interspersed with masses of cowslips in full bloom, which you can imagine as giving a gorgeous aspect. Southern Michigan is an Eden.

Chicago, Thursday morning: Have just come from breakfast. Your father is waiting to post this, which, perhaps, you cannot read. I am going out for a new satchel; a poorer one and larger; shall send mine home by express.

FRIDAY, 3 P. M.,

May 7th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We are now about three hours out from Chicago, having passed Blue Island Junction, where some of the labor troubles are; but all was quiet when we came along, and, although we have not been molested, I am glad to leave such an unholy set behind me. For about two hours the country was perfectly level, and we could see miles and miles in every direction, with scarcely any roads apparent, none fenced off; but the land is under a high state of cultivation, with nice farm-houses and barns here and there dotting the prairies, a cluster of fruit-trees in full bloom around each, while everywhere else the

ground was sowed and planted, or covered with the brightest of green grass, with not a tree except those mentioned. Now, however, it is quite different.

The land is hilly, with plenty of woods, as well as farms, and once in awhile a pretty village. We have just passed a lovely town to look at, Morris, where the lilacs are in bloom, as well as the cherry and apple-trees. Many of the latter are very different from ours, as with us a deep pink one is the exception; here it is the other way, and the color is deeper than any I ever saw; more the shade of the peach, and you can imagine how beautiful they are. The wild flowers are lovely. I have just told the gentlemen that there is a thorn. *I cannot gather them.* They seem to think I will have a good many of that kind of pricks.

Four o'clock: My pretty views and beautiful landscape all disappeared an hour ago. We have been following the Illinois River, a tolerably good stream, in its own bed, but a wide tract each side is so low as to be overflowed often enough to spoil the trees and vegetation, showing little but frog-ponds and their accompaniments of dry brush-wood, covered with tangled grass and frog-spittle. Two towns, La Salle and Peru, are dirty, straggling places, lying on one street by the river, with the railway track right back of it. They are full of business, however,

and some of the largest mills are there that I have seen, notably one, the Illinois Zinc Mills, covering an immense tract. Oh dear! what next? Now we have been going through an immense hog-pasture. It is in one of these quagmires that I have been telling about; half a mile of it, more or less, and hogs, and hogs, and hoggies of all ages, sizes, sexes and conditions wallowing in the black mire. Hurrah! we are out of all that—farther in from the river. Here is a sheep-farm. The sheep and lambs are even feeding and gamboling in the road track. They do not mind the cars one bit, and evidently belong to the “mind-my-own-business society.” So we go on through a beautiful panorama, and we hope at seven o’clock to be at Davenport, the first point in Iowa, having crossed, when at that place, the northern part of Illinois.

Father is awfully jealous of my writing, and wanted to read every word he *could*. *He* could not manage it very well, and what will you do? He seems mightily tickled, because he says I have a new way to spell lilacs.

Saturday morning, half-past nine o’clock: Our last place before crossing the Mississippi was Moline, where my niece and namesake teaches in the high school; and if the building which we took to be the school-house were really such, she would,

in the East, not easily find one equal in elegance and outside surroundings. Indeed, the whole town, situated as it is mostly, and the better part, on a hillside presents a most picturesque appearance. There are many fine residences, and the view overlooking the river for miles and miles must be beautiful. I noticed a fine boulevard leading to the island where the Government buildings are. Rock Island City is very near, on the same ridge, a little to the south-west and not more than half a mile away. It was almost dark when we came through Davenport, which lies directly across from Moline, though there was still light enough to see the same muddy but majestic Mississippi that I have crossed once before. At this point, separating as it does to form the island, it is beautiful and grand in the extreme.

Davenport, which we could see by its lights, is a fine town, and the many isolated and elegant dwellings with the lawns around them gave us the impression that there must be a good deal of wealth as well as enterprise there. Then came the night, and our journey was over what proved to be a crooked and rough road. I awoke several times, feeling badly, and when I attempted to rise found myself very carsick. Perhaps my paper had slipped off; however, I dressed as well as I could, ate a lemon, and after an

hour began to revive a little, and by the time we came to the Missouri I was able to go to the rear platform for a most beautiful view while crossing. The river here is as wide as the Hudson at the Palisades, the current is very strong, and the water—well, the Mississippi is bad enough, but this is like thicker and richer cream than we ever get, of a dirty, mud color.

We have just arrived at Kansas City, situated directly on the bank of the Missouri. The city is built on a bluff. As we emerged from the cars we looked up two hundred feet, to the residence part of the town, and since then we have driven in a round-about way to the Coates House, at the top of half creation, I should think. I am waiting for the baggage, and am writing seated on a piazza in front of our room. The air is charming, and I shall soon be myself again. The men have sauntered out to see what they can see. Our room is large, with three long windows overlooking Broadway; the furniture modern and handsome, with a light and cheerful Moquette carpet. All that we can ask more is good living, which we have been led not to expect.

Your mother had gotten so far when I came in, and we have been to dinner, and I want to mail this before we go out to drive, which we all are going to do this afternoon. This is a pretty lively town, but,

as far as we have seen, it is a queer one. I will tell you more about it before we leave, which we plan to do Monday morning, and if all goes well we shall be in Denver for breakfast Tuesday.

COATES HOUSE, KANSAS CITY, MO.,

May 9th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

As you have already learned, we arrived here yesterday morning and found very comfortable rooms awaiting us.

We, Mr. S. and I, went out and called on our respective agents before dinner; afterward they came and took us out driving. We spent about three hours viewing the city, which is unlike anything I ever saw. The depot, elevators and heavy warehouses are on a flat near the river-bed. Thence we ascend a bluff some two hundred feet, and find ourselves not on a plain, but most uneven surface, some of whose hills have been cut down and some of the hollows filled, but still plenty of both are left. There are very few fine public buildings, although a year or two will see large additions, but there is an infinite variety of dwellings, from a cheap shanty to a seventy-five thousand dollar mansion, and these come pretty close together. They have not yet found it convenient to pave the streets nicely, but they have

electric lights, horse railroads (or mule roads, rather), one cable road, and two or three more, and an electric road soon to be built.

This morning I went to church and heard a good sermon from Mr. Hopkins, at the Congregational Church, a new and beautiful granite building, finely appointed.

The heat here comes upon us suddenly, throwing us a month or two forward into summer. After to-morrow, however, we shall get into the mountains, where I expect we shall find it cool enough.

KANSAS CITY, MONDAY,

May 10th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, GOOD-MORNING :

We have just had our breakfast. The men have gone down town to say good-bye. I sit with my bonnet on, ready to start at ten o'clock for Denver. I am rested up, and feel pretty well; father also. I have put on an extra large sheet of paper, with more gloss, and await the result. I am on the piazza in front of my room. Passing before me is a busy world. Every one hurrying and scurrying with all his might. The morning papers announce that this week will beat any on record in the sale of real estate. The land is sold all around this

town for from \$25 to \$1200 per foot. Eastern people, including the A's and T's, etc., of Boston, are investing largely, and there have already been enormous returns. The people predict a second Chicago, or a *first*. I was never in so busy a town. The dressing here is equal to New York. The young girls and children are trooping by to school, and they are not to be surpassed in style by those in that city. I will now say good-bye, perhaps forever, to the Missouri, as with its rapid, muddy current it flows on, swashing and grinding the banks, in full keeping with this everlasting rush in town. Sweep on, on, ever on, when all who are now partakers of this busy whirl have passed to a boundless eternity. Farewell.

11.30: We are now passing across the Great American Desert, as it was on the map when I studied geography, and our first stopping place, where we are now halting, is Lawrence. The town was once raided and burned by Quantrell, a border ruffian, and it is where Ossawatimie Brown operated. There was a tremendous excitement at the East, and quantities of Sharp's rifles were sent out. I am glad to see this historic ground, although there is nothing but the name now that is interesting.

We are following the Kansas or Kaw River to-day. We are told that the maps were correct

about this desert, but the buffaloes were what killed it, tramping and gnawing, and when civilization came and drove them off, the grass sprung up and absorbed moisture, and now the soil is twelve feet deep, and very rich and valuable. It is too level for me; I do not want it.

One o'clock: We have just passed through Topeka, the capital of Kansas. We do not see much of the town, but the steeples in the distance indicate quite a large place. There we had our lunch, and now we are speeding along, every moment putting distance between us and all those in the world whom we love.

Later: The land is more rolling, and we are in the wheat region; orchards appear around the farm-houses, and I hope for more variety. All the upturned earth is black with richness, and every foot is cultivated. Osage orange-hedges divide the farms, but the railroad is fenced with barbed wire. There are no roads that I can see, but there must be cart paths, for farm-houses are set down here and there as far as the eye can reach in every direction, at great distances apart.

We have a jolly party of capitalists on board, who are en route for the geometrical centre of this State, and, they say, of the United States, where they are going to found a city, Kanapolis by name. They

have bought up a large tract of land, and in two days there is to be an auction to sell off the lots. Excursion trains are to run from all parts of the State, and they say they *will* have a city. Some of the party are manufacturers, and they will build here branch factories, etc. They are wild, and already one of the party has secured two lots of the manager since they came into the car, fearing he should lose them at the auction. One old man says: "I have seen one city grow from nothing—Chicago. I voted for its first Mayor, and I expect to see another." Ex-Speaker K. is one of them, and if he blunders as badly in this enterprise as he did in that office, his friends will be proud of him.

Half-past four o'clock: Still we go on, on, in this valley of the Kaw. The river is about as wide as the Connecticut. It has a rapid current, is apparently very deep, and is very muddy. It runs right through the cultivated land, and is peculiar in that it has cut its way straight down through the loam, from ten to twenty feet, and makes a fine contrast—the clay-colored water and the black shore. I would not live here for all Kansas; I should go wild with this sameness; for my variety, which I hoped would last, went shortly, and we have nothing to enliven this treeless, monotonous expanse.

Good-morning. Have had a comfortable night, and at half-past five arose; have had a cup of bad coffee, and am ready for business. We are two hours out from Denver, where we breakfast. We have been going up constantly since last night, but do not realize it, for the scene is a barren level as far as the eye can reach, with not even a stone in view; nothing but stunted grass and the miserable cactus. We see some promise of change, however, for we have come within sight of the Rocky Mountains, and Pike's Peak looms up in the distance, white with snow, as is also the top of the whole range that we can see.

Dear W., do be content with your lot. You never would have been happy in this section of the country; I am sure of it. By the time you would have gotten money, I think you would have been in danger of losing your taste for the delights and amenities of life. We are now on this vast plain just the height of Mt. Mansfield, over 5000 feet above sea-level. There are the first yuccas, and they seem interspersed with cacti as far as the eye can reach. We are passing over the Platte River now, and in five minutes will be in Denver.

Eight o'clock: Have been in to breakfast, and at table H. A. O., of New York, joined us. He knew we were coming, and he says their agent, Mr. S.,

has an expedition marked out for to-morrow, through the cañons to Leadville. I have left the gentlemen at table in order that this may be mailed.

THE WINDSOR, DENVER, COLO.,

May 11th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We arrived here this morning about half-past seven, and have been on the go ever since. Soon after breakfast Mr. S., our agent, took us and Mr. O., who joined us at the breakfast table, out to visit a smelting and refining furnace, where we saw the various processes of roasting, crushing and washing, and finally assaying, from the rough ore to the pure gold, silver and copper, and in the vault we saw the solid metal ready for shipment. Afterward we drove about and got some views of Denver and of the snow-capped mountains which lie about. The air is wondrously clear, and mountains, that they tell us are one hundred and twenty miles away, look as near as Mt. Holyoke used to from College Hill. This afternoon we were to drive again, but the wind has risen and the dust flies too fearfully to make it pleasant.

This evening Mr. S. wants to have us see their Opera House, which was built by Senator Tabor,

and which they claim to be the finest in the country.

You can hardly imagine how refreshing it was this morning, after so many hours through a prairie country, to see the mountains; first, Pike's Peak, 14,200 feet high, and soon after lofty ranges, with Long's Peak, some 200 feet higher, towering above them. The country about Denver and for a long way East is barren enough, except where it has been artificially irrigated, and there it seems fertile, and is said to be rich. Denver is a fine town, with wide streets crossing at right angles, and has many fine buildings, and looks very attractive to a stranger. The stores seem to contain everything we can get in New York, and perhaps some things besides. But I have told you all I know about it yet.

We can hardly realize that it is only a week ago to-night that we left home. Although we have divided our journey into easy stages, we have come a long way from our dear ones, and it seems a long while since we left them.



DENVER, WEDNESDAY,
May 12th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Father telegraphed you this morning, because of the Kansas City catastrophe. You see we missed it by only one day. When we told the agents there that we had seen all and were going, they said: "Oh, stay a day or two longer, and perhaps we will show you a cyclone!" It must have been dreadful, and we might have been in its track.

Two o'clock: We are en route for Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles distant, where we shall stay one day, and drive to Manitou, five or six miles out. This trip will be interesting, as at our right are the Rocky Mountains, with their snow-capped tops, and the foot-hills between. We finished up Denver this morning with a fine ride given us by Mrs. and Mr. S. She with her own elegant liveried turn-out, and Mr. S. with another. We stopped at their home, handsome in all its appointments, for refreshments.

We have just passed, but not gone through, our first cañon. It is about four miles away, among the foot-hills, and where the Platte River comes through, the water of which is used for irrigation by means of canals in and about Denver. Two gigantic and lone rocks stand as sentinels at the height, against the sky, as one looks up through the cañon.

Indeed, we are now in the country where the rocks assume very peculiar shapes, and we see curious formations. One can imagine any likeness desired among these fantastic and ragged cliffs; yes, as many objects as in the clouds, or as in Turner's cloud-pictures. I am gazing, as I write, upon Castle Rock, a huge pile in geometrical shape and comparatively smooth, crowned by what looks exactly like a castle in pictures of the old world. A most curious phenomenon. Contiguous to it is the largest cattle ranch that I have seen, and a Yankee barn, which took me right back for a minute to the far East.

Four o'clock: We have been for some time among the foot-hills, and have now come upon a very curious spot. Palmer Lake it is called. Close by the track the water covers three or four acres, and is as clear as crystal. It comes down from the melted snow of the mountains. The grass is very green all around it, and it is surrounded by a village of rock houses—natural, I mean. The rocks are isolated, and as perfect an imitation of Gothic and Queen Anne architecture as though real. It was hard to believe, at a little distance, that they were not habitable, interspersed as they were among cedar-trees, which are generally sparse in this region. The color also is misleading: some old gold, others gold and

brown, and one a bright terra-cotta. I had been wondering if we should see any of the high coloring as shown by Moran, but there can be no exaggeration. Oh, dear! I wish I could say "whoa!" and get some specimens.

Thursday night: We arrived here, Colorado Springs, last night. Had very good rooms apportioned to us, where we have a fine view of the mountains. This morning, directly after breakfast, we were driven to Manitou, six miles away, where are the springs and several places of interest to visit. The drive through the Garden of the Gods, the Ute Pass and the Rainbow Falls will be remembered forever.

We arrived back in time for lunch, and were then driven about town. The place contains about 5000 inhabitants, mostly rich people from the East and West, who come here for their health, and because they can live nowhere else, and those in this part of the country who make it a summer resort. The town is beautifully laid out. Most of the streets are 200 feet wide, at right angles, and some are in boulevard fashion, with two rows of trees in the centre. There are a great many elegant residences. The finest are of stone, of the colors found here, and in general style are somewhat similar to those at Lawrence, Long Island, with every description of quaint

architecture. There seems to be no manufacturing; it is not desired, as the town is to be kept, if possible, a genteel place to live in. It would do you good to see the fine horses and their riders. Horseback seems to be the general way of getting about for men and women, and the way they go would put to shame Eastern equestrians. The horses have the loping gait, and are trained bridle-wise—that is, they are guided by just a touch of the neck; and we passed to-day some riders on fine animals, whom I envied very much. We drove by as they watered their horses, but they came on and were soon out of sight, loping at full speed. This high altitude does not suit me very well, and I shall not be sorry to get a little lower down. We only lack a little of being 6000 feet above sea-level. I suppose that is the reason that Pike's Peak does not impress me as being 14,200 feet up in the world; and however and whenever we climbed so high I can't see, for we have been on what seemed a vast, level plain most of the way, and from this town for miles and miles to the eastward is a level expanse.

The wind is howling well to-night, and there has been a violent storm on Pike, but no cyclones come here, it is said, because the air is so light. It seldom rains, and the town depends upon irrigation. The water comes down in rushing streams from the

mountains, and from them canals pass through every street, from which water is carried underground into the yards, and then hydrants are used for sprinkling, etc. Father is getting impatient and I must stop. We leave in the morning for Salt Lake.

Friday morning: A cold, windy night, and this morning the mountains are white with snow, well down toward the plain, and the cars that come from the north are covered. The wind whistles about the house, and the air is cold. I am glad that we decided to remain here, instead of being in Leadville, as at one time we thought we should be. This is, in many respects, a charming town, but we are ready to leave it. A little before eleven we expect to take the cars for Salt Lake City, where we hope to arrive to-morrow afternoon. If you see Dr. S. you may tell him that I called on his son, who seems to be very pleasantly fixed here—is acting President of Colorado College. We have seen “H. H.’s” house, where she lived while Mrs. Jackson, spent a very pleasant hour with our agent, and are ready to start. The air, or weather, or something else affects your mother and Mr. S. unpleasantly, making their lips and throats parched, and they are quite hoarse, while my hoarseness seems to be passing away. I hope, after we get over the mountains and toward

the Pacific coast, the air will suit them better. It is now breakfast-time, and I must say good-bye.

Friday, May 14th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

We left Colorado Springs at half-past ten o'clock, and are now one hour out. We passed Cheyenne Mountain, about six miles from the start. It is the abrupt ending of the chain, and about the height of Mt. Washington, but to me it looks not more than half as high. It is said to have two as fine cañons to visit as there are on the continent, but we had to hurry away. H. H. is buried there.

We are on a narrow-gauge road, and the jolting is such that I fear you cannot make out my scratching.

Later: For a long way we have been going through a tract very like the North Haven sand plains. The cattle looked starved, and I have already seen four fresh carcasses turned up dead, and many bones bleaching in the sun. A ranchman said yesterday that during one storm he lost eight thousand dollars' worth. They were actually too weak to stand.

About two o'clock we are promised some better scenery. We have just dined at Pueblo. Before entering the town we saw a large number of adobe houses, which are made of dried mud; on one

side-hill there were as many as twenty. I saw half a dozen cowboys, crazy-looking creatures, dashing along on their wild and prancing horses.

We are riding alongside the Arkansas River, a turbulent stream that tears away the banks and everything else in its course. We came upon it at Pueblo. The bluffs are worn away in many curious shapes, showing a variety of strata, but they are of ordinary sand color, and not inviting. We have been among the sand-hills for some time; they are singular in that they look formed artificially, being so regular and cone-shaped. In some places they stand as thick as hay-stacks on the salt-meadows, and look somewhat like them.

I think we have turned our course now, and are going from south to west, still up-grade till six o'clock to-night, but I cannot realize it, all looks so level. For a long hour we have been traversing a narrow belt, say half a mile wide, by the side of the river, and hemmed in by high bluffs, clay colored, which have the appearance of having been worn away by the water. The strata, instead of running perpendicularly like the Palisades, are in layers the other way, and every now and then there seem to have been water-falls, which have worn down the sides into gorges, giving a scalloped effect. I became very tired of this, and tried to court Mr.

Sleep, but he was too coy and would not a-wooing go. We have come again in sight of mountains capped with snow; in fact, we are running into a snow-squall, and a fire is a comfort. As I was getting dreadfully discouraged we emerged into green meadow-land, interspersed with clumps of yellow flowers, and now we are in the midst of a tumble of high mountains. We are coming to Carson City, where we shall take to the platform to view the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas.

Later: The agony is over. Of course, never having seen anything before approaching it in grandeur, my vocabulary has not words sufficient for the occasion, and the description book, which you will see some time, gives evidence that the power of speech fails to do anything like justice to its magnificence. Even where we are now, with the towering rocks and the tumbling, foaming river by our side, with only room for the track, winding round and round, it is beautiful and wild, and grand enough for ordinary mortals. The walls are so high, and the ravine is so narrow, that we can see only an occasional patch of sky.

A quarter of five o'clock: We have arrived at Salida, a point where the train breaks up, part going to Leadville, a distance of sixty miles. We were about half an hour in going through the cañon proper,

but since then we have been in the midst of wonderful scenery. At our left, eighteen miles away, are the Sangre de Christo Mountains. They are covered with snow, and eight or nine of the peaks are over 14,000 feet high. At about the same distance to the right is a continuation of the Rockies, presenting quite as fine an aspect. Mr. S. has traveled across the other continent, and has been to California over other roads, and he says he has never seen anything to compare with it, and gives his opinion that we shall see nothing in the trip so fine. We still go on, up, up, till we shall come, at six o'clock, to Marshall Pass—the divide, as it is called. That will be our highest point, where we shall reach an elevation of 10,000 feet. What wonders have engineering and steam accomplished!

Saturday morning, half-past five: We climbed well last night. When I wrote earlier of the snow-capped mountains in the distance I little thought that we were to ascend them. But we did, and the process was what is called going over the Marshall Pass, the highest but one in the United States crossed by a railroad. We wound round and round in numerous horseshoes and loops till we reached 10,850 feet, far above the snow-line. Indeed, many of the snow-peaks which we had admired were much below us, though a few were still higher. We were for two or three hours in the midst of ice and

snow, going through snow-sheds, on the brink of tremendous gorges and precipices, doubling and twisting in our own tracks, and the divided part of our train was sometimes over our heads, a little to the left or right, as the occasion required, with perhaps a gorge hundreds of feet between us. I was frightened almost to death, and when we reached the top was devoutly thankful. As we began to descend, the night coming on, and everything looking so weird and fearfully grand, I was filled with awe, and with a feeling of littleness never before experienced, and was comforted by the recollection that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered.

We remained up till eleven o'clock to see the Black Cañon of the Gunnison. The moon was shining brightly, and for fifteen miles we bounded along, turning such curves as you never can have imagined. We were alongside of a roaring, foaming river, whose waters and spray, dancing in the moonlight, inclosed by walls of rock thousands of feet high, jagged and torn into every conceivable shape, with the rays shining in only as the curves gave them a chance to peep down and light all up like a flash, presented a scene never to be effaced from memory. At two o'clock we had an accident, and narrowly missed a catastrophe. We were awakened by a sudden stop and crash. We had the end

sections, and at my head down went the lamp, smash on the floor, and there was a rattling of the crashing china and glass belonging to the porter, all of which was not calculated to promote slumber. It turned out that the engine had run into a land-slide, and there was nothing to do but to be dug out. Accordingly a wrecking-car was sent for, and in an hour it and a party of thirty men arrived to dig us out, which they succeeded in doing after four hours' delay.

We were all startled this morning to find ourselves on the immediate bank of a large river, not three feet off, while we can touch from the window the cliff from whence came the slide. This was composed of fine rocks and gravel. Had there been a large rock, the engine must surely have gone over. We are in the last car, and might have escaped. "All is well that ends well," and so far Providence has kept us safe.

Later: We managed to get something to eat with what eggs were not smashed, and crackers, and raisins, and one doughnut, which I cribbed at dinner yesterday, served off the broken crockery. "There is no loss without some gain" is true now if ever. We had expected to lose the view in the Lower Gunnison Cañon in the night, but in consequence of the four hours' delay the morning ride has been

charming. We follow the Gunnison River. The rocks are castellated, but not so high but that we can enjoy the grotesqueness of their form and their beautiful combination of coloring. The different strata are red, green, white, blue and many intermediate shades. The softer composition has worn away, leaving forms too unique, odd and grand to try to describe.

Half-past eight o'clock: We are now at Grand Junction, where the Gunnison River joins the Grand, which we shall follow for a time.

Half-past twelve o'clock: Since we left Grand Junction we have been crossing one immense billowy desert. We quitted the river shortly, and since then have not seen a tree or shrub. Nothing but the boundless sand, with such scant herbage that the sand predominates over everything. Prairie-dogs are in great numbers. They come out of their hillocks, sit upon their haunches, and gaze upon us apparently with great delight. They are pretty creatures. And then we have seen a few flowers. The ox-eye daisy has appeared very sparsely for the first time, also a red flower I do not recognize, and the red sage or salvia. And there! three bunches of pinks, such as I used to get at Inwood. Every other species of vegetation is the sage-bush. The general look, however, is sand, sand, sand. We

are six hours late, other trains having obtained the right of way by reason of our accident. The Mormons may have Utah for all I care.

I have ample time for reflection to-day, and I have been thinking much of my dear ones, so far away. But the same Heavenly Father watches over us wherever we may be. And yet, as I stood upon the rear platform at Grand Junction and looked upon everything with a stranger's eye, even the lettering on the freight cars appearing so different and to me indecipherable, I felt so lonely that my heart ached for my loved ones, whom each moment I was placing farther away. I was nearly famished awhile back, but all I could get of the porter was a little bread and butter and marmalade. We are promised a dinner at about three o'clock.

Half-past one o'clock: We have now crossed the Green River, a large and noble stream, except that the water is like mud. The same sandy aspect. You cannot be as weary of reading about it as I am of seeing it. The sun is pouring down, the glare is dreadful, and everybody seems tired, and hungry, and cross.

Later: At three o'clock we had dinner at Price's Lower Crossing, where we should have breakfasted, but for our detention. Between five and six we reached Castle Gate, which is the entrance to Castle Cañon. This so-called gate consists of two immense

perpendicular rocks, 500 feet high, shaped like castles and mounted with imaginary battlements and turrets, and which stand opposite each other, with only room for the railroad and river to pass between. The coloring is of a beautiful red, the more striking by reason of contrast with the green foliage at their base. There we were detained an hour, waiting for a train from Salt Lake City, a circumstance to be deplored, as the scenery in this cañon is sublime beyond description. The rocks are high and massive, and project towards us as we move along in all fanciful shapes and coloring. The night is coming on. We hope to reach Salt Lake City at ten o'clock.

THE WALKER HOUSE,
Salt Lake City,

May 16th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We arrived here last night at eleven o'clock, instead of five, as we ought to have done, having been detained by a land-slide, and after the most wonderful two days' railroad ride which we ever took, and which is beyond description or conception. Your mother has written it out for you in detail, as we passed on from hour to hour, but she was so wearied out last night that she left her little bag in the car. We hope, however, to find it awaiting us at Ogden. I

thought I had seen some wild scenery on railroads, but this on the Denver and Rio Grande is beyond anything I ever imagined. I have no words to describe the scenery, and none could do it justice. It is impossible to exaggerate.

This morning your mother has been taking a nap, trying to get rested, and I have been to the Congregational Church, where Dr. Taylor, of Japan, told us about mission work there.

Our agent, Mr. G., met us last night at Castle Gate, and came on with us. He is a Mormon and an Elder, but aside from that he is a first-rate fellow. As yet we have seen nothing of the city, and I will finish my letter later.

Afternoon: We have just returned from the great Mormon Tabernacle, which seats eleven thousand people, and was perhaps three-quarters full. The Lord's Supper was observed, as it is every Sabbath, with bread and water, not wine, and a sermon was preached by Elder Stayner, the first part of which was evidently intended for the Gentile portion of his congregation. The organ is as large as the big Boston organ, and in addition there was a full orchestra and a large choir, and the singing was superb. After service Mr. C. and party, of New York, accosted me, and together we went about the Temple grounds and met some Mormons, who

showed us around and answered our questions. They are evidently in dead earnest and fanatical in their religious beliefs, and the Mormon problem is no easy one. From our windows at the hotel we look out on Camp Douglass, where Uncle Sam keeps a military force, to the great disgust of all Mormondom, but of which they stand in wholesome awe.

Monday: This morning we are to drive about the town, and at about five this afternoon turn our faces toward Ogden, where we change from the narrow-gauge cars to the Central Pacific, and go on to San Francisco without further stop, hoping to arrive there Wednesday forenoon. Your mother says I must send all her love messages, for if she finds her bag (of which she has little hope), what she has written and inclosed in that must be mailed without addition; but if you fail to get her impressions of the journey from Colorado Springs thus far, you will understand the reason.

This morning is hot and bright. The dust in the streets and on the sidewalks is not deep, but fine as ashes, and it is impossible to keep clean. On both sides of the streets are streams of running water, without which there would be no fertility, but only the desert, which the Mormons found when they first came here. It is breakfast-time, and I must stop.

Monday afternoon: I see that your father has told you somewhat of our visit to Mormondom, and I wish to express my opinion here and now. These people, while eschewing profanity and intemperance, are a shameless lot, who, under the garb of religion, set at defiance the laws of God and man, and glory in their shame. It was about as much as I could stand yesterday at the Temple, when a miserable specimen of a man, with a poor, deluded, forlorn woman hanging upon him, approached our party and expatiated upon the glories of Mormonism, supporting his argument by Bible texts, any number of which he had at his command. I felt like moving on, just as I would flee from contact with any other disreputable association. I have since heard enough of that man to account for my instinctive repugnance.

The well-educated, wealthy, fine-looking and gentlemanly Elder, who drove us about the city this morning and showed us every attention, interested me not a little, and I really felt pained to learn that he was one of the most eloquent defenders of "the faith," though he is the husband of only one wife. Alas! alas! what shall be done with this vast number of determined enthusiasts?

Adieu. We leave shortly, and one hour's ride will bring us to Ogden, where I do hope to find the lost bag, particularly as it was a souvenir from auntie.

NEVADA,

May 18th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

You will have seen that the little satchel was regained at Ogden, where father posted my leaves.* Something very funny occurred at Ogden. The moneyed portion of this party compared notes, and concluded they should not have to draw for money at Salt Lake, but they had not very much margin. Mr. S. was going to grab his bag and run, at Ogden, in order to see about the sections, leaving father to escort me. After a good deal of puffing and sweating amid the crowd, he got his tickets, and found he had not money enough to pay for them! The cold chills ran down his back for a few moments, but he remembered seeing father in conversation with a gentleman from Baltimore, so he told him that he must try to borrow some money of *him*. Father's coolness served him a good purpose. He obtained the money, with a promise to pay back at San Francisco, and then Mr. S. and father began to find out how it happened. It seems that when Mr. S. paid the bill at Salt Lake he must have dropped a twenty-dollar bill, and looking further found that they had been charged twelve dollars too much for their section tickets. It did not take long to rectify that, and then they had just enough to repay the gentleman and, by

* Letter of May 14th, page 26.

short allowance of meals and a contribution from my purse of three dollars, to reach San Francisco. We concluded, after a council of war, to pay back the money if we went without food—that is, full meals. So father strutted up to the gentleman at the table, and, with his fingers pulling out the money as though it were the small part of a bank, said: “My friend was sure he had the money, but in the confusion could not find it!” They then found that by allowing for the supper, two full meals to-day, and breakfast to-morrow, we could just scrape through. Then they went in and ate supper. *I* was not very hungry, so tried the lunch-room, and for forty cents got a loaf of bread, some crullers and a piece of dried beef, on part of which *I* supped, and with the remainder and some crackers and cheese, we shall get through the day with only one more meal. However, they have telegraphed to *M.* to wire their agent at Sacramento to meet us at the depot there with money, that we may not land at San Francisco without change for the porter!

My paper has served a very good purpose. *I* have scarcely been car-sick at all, but my cough is very bad, and *I* have all the time what appears to be a cold in the head. *I* was obliged to sit up in bed last night, as nothing would allay the cough in the throat. We have about concluded that it is not

a cold at all, but an inflammation of the mucous membrane, caused by the dust of this alkaline country, as every time we stop over I am better. This road jolts one dreadfully.

Half-past four o'clock : Nothing to be seen since early morning but sand and sage-bushes, and some skeletons of animals that we presume perished from hunger. O, blessed New England and the East! Oh, what a cooling and heavenly spot would Centre Harbor be this day! Our skin and throats are parched by the heat and alkaline dust, with nothing to relieve the eye. O, welcome night!—even if to sit up in bed. No matter how much I may see, one trip like this is enough for a life-time.

Wednesday morning, seven o'clock : We had no let-up of desert till about six o'clock last evening, when we approached the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We crossed into California last night, and regretted that we were to lose the scenery by passing over these mountains in the darkness. Providence favored us, however. I sat up in bed looking till nearly twelve. The full moon produced a grand effect as we dashed by the gorges, so far below us, and the wooded peaks above. At one o'clock we found ourselves in a snow-shed, and through the chinks of the boards we could see that we were surrounded by snow. But that was not what detained us there five

hours ! We had run into another land-slide, thereby giving us the coveted opportunity of going over by day, which we are doing now. It is difficult to say which are the finest mountains to cross, as they are so unlike. Here they are covered with trees, which, after our dreary rides, are very grateful, particularly as we are rapidly descending to Sacramento, after 7000 feet elevation at the summit. The ferns and flowers are beautiful, and we have bidden farewell to the deserts for the present.

One o'clock : We have just dined at Sacramento. The Sacramento River, which we crossed before entering the town, is a noble stream, about as wide as the Connecticut, but apparently very deep. It is rapid and muddy. Upon the low grounds about it we saw two white cranes feeding in the grass, and later up flew five more and sailed away. For some time we have passed vineyards ; the vines now are about three feet high, starting out from stumps. It seems they do not trellis them here, but they are allowed to spread and intertwine near the ground. The cherries are in their perfection, very large and luscious. The whole country is a garden, and the abundance of live oak-trees scattered upon the green-sward gives a rich appearance to the landscape. A great many fruit orchards are in our way, and are different from ours, in that the trunks are not more than two or three feet high before they begin to branch.

San Francisco, Thursday morning: We arrived about five o'clock last night, instead of eleven o'clock in the morning, when we were due. We were thankful enough for the accident which detained us, otherwise we must have lost sight of some of the wildest and finest scenery in this region of country.

We are all feeling pretty stiff and sore. Your father remarked this morning that he felt that he had no legs; nevertheless, Mr. S. and he have started out on business for the day. We are a good deal disappointed in receiving no letters from home. We had a letter from H. and from M. G. awaiting us. I am resting up to-day, and to-morrow hope to see somewhat of the town, but will send this scrawl along to-night. I seem a great way off, and sometimes it makes me very sad.



PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

May 22d, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your mother has given you a pretty full account of our doings and goings up to this point, so I will not repeat. In crossing the continent one becomes well satisfied that Uncle Sam has land enough to give a farm to each of his children, but without artificial irrigation a great deal of it is too poor for anything but prairie-dogs and jack-rabbits to get a living from. On this side of the Sierra Nevadas the country is a garden. Fruits, grain and vegetables are rank and lush, and there is a profusion of flowers. We were surprised to see that the wheat harvest had already begun.

This city is an active, bustling place, not quite as busy as Chicago, but pretty lively after all. This Palace Hotel is said to be the largest in the world. It is built around a large central court, with a glass roof, and galleries on each story. Carriages and baggage-wagons drive from the street into the hotel and discharge their loads under cover. Every outside room has a bay-window, and I understand that every room has a bath-room attached. There are some eight hundred or one thousand people in the house.

We have had a walk through Chinatown, where some thirty or forty thousand of the almond-eyed are congregated, and a curious sight they are. This afternoon we expect to go to Monterey to spend Sunday.

May 22d, 3 o'clock.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We have just started out for Monterey, where we are told there is a large hotel, the Del Monte, situated in very large and picturesque grounds, which reach down to the ocean. The road lies between the bay and ocean, though at present on my side, at the left, is a lofty hill, which heretofore I should have called a mountain. The country is beautiful. Many of the evergreens which we pass are new to me; their foliage broad-leaved, somewhat like a cedar in their make-up, but more branching and spreading. The private lawns are filled with flowers, roses predominating, standard and climbing, red, white and pink, of immense size, both as trees and flowers. The road-side is one bed of wild flowers, mostly new to me in color and form. I notice that the daisies, such as our florists sell, grow here in little trees, the body being about the size of my arm at the top. They grow two or three feet high, then branch out very

compactly, and are completely covered with flowers. Fuchsias grow in the same way, and calla lilies live out and flower all the time, I should think. There! This minute we have passed a daisy hedge, which produces a superb effect.

The live oaks are a feature. They are very dark, and as they are low and spreading, the contrast with the young green grass, as they grow scattered upon the hill-sides, is fine, and it all looks to the eye delightfully cool. We have now come to Menlo Park Station, and as we stop, opposite to me, growing like a large and overspreading grape-vine, is a passion-vine covering a tree, full of flowers and buds innumerable. Palms of various kinds are growing vigorously. I suppose you think that I am dealing out superlatives, but it is the only form of speech at all applicable.

Another feature is the mustard. It must be raised here for export. As I write there are fields, and fields, and fields of it, on all sides as far as I can see. It grows about ten feet high, double and more compact than in New England. It still continues, and I must say a change would be agreeable, gorgeous as it is. I have since learned that the mustard is wild, and is a great pest. Well, all is changed now, and grain has taken the place of mustard. Grass and grain are cut and raked into

heaps so thickly together that you would be astonished at the yield.

We are fortunate in our time here. The rainy season lasted two weeks later than usual, and so everything is fresher than it will be later. I have ceased to wonder that California feeds so large a proportion of the world. Everything is grown wholesale. Acres and acres of onions, then beets, and again turnips; but as yet I have seen no corn. I wonder why?

We are now at San José, and the screeching and yelling of the hackmen indicate that it is a place of some note; indeed, I am just informed by my lord that the "Home" does a good business here, and that we may patronize the town to the extent of a day upon our return to-morrow. I only wish for the present that I could rush into one of the door-yards and snatch some of the roses.

The inevitable follows us everywhere. A cemetery stretches at my right, close by the road-side, its appearance like a *glad* city of the dead. A great many yew-trees and other evergreens, closely clipped in emblematic shapes, are scattered around, and I can see many arches of roses—entrances to lots I infer. There are no fences, and nature has helped bountifully to beautify this last resting-place of friends who here, as at home, await the last great

summons. "We a little longer wait, but how little none can know."

We have now reached a grazing country. In the near and far distance the patches of vivid green alfalfa add greatly to the appearance of the landscape. This plant survives the drought, the roots reaching to a great depth, and takes the place of our clover as food for cattle. We at last see some ranches that look as I had supposed ranches ought to look. The cattle here are fat, and sleek, and glossy; the horses and colts snort, and prance, and caper, as though they have the breath of life, and are not like the lean, frowzy, languid apologies we saw in the deserts of Utah and Nevada, dying by the road-side, and I did not wonder.

Yes, live-stock seems to keep up with everything else; and, judging by the little faces at the windows and in the yards, human live-stock is not backward in the race. But to digress. What would little Grace say to this big field, filled with pigs and piggies—white, black, big and little, rooting and capering in the clean, green grass? "Handma" is afraid that the little lone pig on the shelf at home would not be of much account. The next pasture is devoted to calves, and they really gambol and play as though they were having the best time in the world all by themselves.

I think we are nearing our haven. A huge bank of fog is rolling up over the distant hills, and the reflection of the sunlight gives it the appearance of a billowy bank of clouds, silvery in hue and great in magnitude. The air becomes chilly; we throw off dusters and don our thick garments. The whistle sounds—good-bye—we shall soon see the great Pacific.

Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, Sunday night: Well, we have spent a night and a day at this rarest of watering-places, and I wish you were here to enjoy it with us. I cannot adequately describe the very pleasantly arranged and roomy house, for say two hundred and fifty people, situated almost within the sound of the waves rippling on the shore, in a park of one hundred and twenty-six acres, interspersed with green lawns studded with huge pines, live oaks, etc. Walks and drives, artistically planned; huge beds, with a profusion of flowers, many of them such as we see at home only under glass, and all most luxuriant in their growth; the air filled with their fragrance and with the music of the birds, all combine to form a temporary home, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. Your mother has just reveled in the garden to-day, and says this spot alone is worth the journey from New York. We have exceedingly pleasant rooms, and

have enjoyed the day greatly. To-morrow we propose to take a drive of some eighteen miles, and Tuesday go back as far as San José; thence to San Francisco, where we hope to find letters from our dear ones.

HOTEL DEL MONTE,

Monday, May 24th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I suppose that you may get tired of these fragmentary epistles, but it is the only way that we can keep you thoroughly posted. After traveling long distances we are very tired when we arrive at any point, and are glad enough to eat and rest, and after that our time is occupied by seeing the sights. If all were left till we had leisure, I am afraid you would get comparatively few items, and even less of the impressions made by what we see. So, at the risk of my leaves being tiresome and monotonous, and I fear almost indecipherable, I jot as I go.

As your father wrote last night, we are more pleased with this place than any that we have seen. We have just come in from an eighteen-mile drive, first riding through Monterey, the oldest-settled town in California. It is not much of a place now. The buildings are poor, and mostly one story; some of the older ones adobe. We passed what was once

the headquarters of General Vallejo; also the first custom-house in California, and the fort where General Fremont was quartered—all not much to see; and last, a cross stuck up to show where the earliest Carmelite mission was. The first place stopped at was called Moss Beach, but why we could not make out. I saw no moss, and it was only interesting in that the great Pacific was rolling and lashing upon the rocks at our feet. As we stood upon the bank and gazed over toward Japan and China, I felt content to stay upon the shore, particularly as the waters are very angry to-day, and are throwing the spray so high in the air over the rocks that I shudder at the thought of any boat being in their power. Then we went on to a point that was really noteworthy. Across a little bay are some large rocks, whose bases are worn away enough to give shelter and rest to thousands of sea-lions. Oh, what a sight! We could have no idea that there were so many. But something must have given them a start, for simultaneously the crevices of the rocks seemed alive with them. They arose and scrambled for the water, into which they plunged, amid most unearthly yells, that must have been heard for miles. The gentlemen say some of them were as big as horses. Their appearance in the water was a sight to behold while they were swimming in the bay,

and as we drove away, their shrieks in the distance impressed me with the feeling that all the fiends were let loose, and that Pandemonium reigned. The next halt was at Pebbly Beach, a spot on a lovely bay, where the bluest of water was gently lapping the white sand and strewing it with very pretty little stones for quite a stretch. I told the gentlemen farther back that water was water, and I did not care for *it*—that *I* should look for flowers. But there is a difference after all. The formation of the rocks is not the same, the trees upon the banks are different, and one bay is the deepest of deep blue, while another very near is of light green, where waves of white foam dash upon the white beach in quite a fascinating manner. But it is the Pacific Ocean, and I am ever and ever so far from home, and the roar makes me sigh in spite of all the beauty. One thing has interested me hugely, and that is a grove of Monterey cypress, the same as the cedar of Lebanon, and the only large grove on this continent. These trees grow as no others do that I have ever seen, the branches being flat, and extending this way, and that way, and every other way but the right way. And now we are back again at the hotel, and have just had our lunch. My bonnet is not off yet, and I am going for one more stroll about this lovely spot.

Wednesday morning, before breakfast: We arrived back at San Francisco last night, just three weeks from the time we left home. But it seems an age to me, we have had so many, and strange, and varied experiences, and the distance seems appalling; besides, this is my first adventure where I cannot get to my own in case of need. The day before yesterday, it was a year since auntie passed away, and I have been living all that trouble over. How much she would have enjoyed being with you and following us along in our pilgrimage; but it was not so to be. We received W.'s letter last night; also one from Mrs. G., and your father one from Dr. S. M. G. is sad, sad, sad. She wrote that Becca would have been sixteen years old that day, and that the table under her picture was covered with roses and other flowers, the gifts of loving friends.

But to go back. We left the Del Monte early yesterday, and took cars for San José, where we arrived about half-past eight. The "Home" agent, Mr. C., was glad to see us, and his son took us driving. The town is old, but lively, and full of business, with plenty of competition. It has about twenty thousand people, most of whom seem to be living comfortably, in detached houses, with little yards around them full of palms and flowers. The dwellings are all low, mostly not more than one

story, with gables, bay-windows, and swelled fronts—very unique and pretty. White climbing roses are a feature. They reach the roofs, are trained across verandas and around windows, and now are very profuse in their clusters of *large*, pure, white flowers.

All the beauties (roses) which we see at our florists grow here without protection, and are said to blossom all the time. At Del Monte your father measured one, and found it to be fully six to seven inches across. I did the same with one white clematis there, and from tip to tip it stretched two and a half times the length of my middle finger. Lest you should not believe it, I will say that *it was the largest*, though I presume there were a dozen on the bush that would reach the length of two fingers, or a quarter of a yard.

The drive took us up the Alameda road to Santa Clara, a distance of three miles. This is a wide sort of boulevard, with eucalyptus and poplar-trees through the centre, and leads directly to the convent of Santa Clara, a large rambling building, which is the only thing of note in the town. It is a dead place. If it ever had any life, it was earlier, when the Spaniards had their own way. This same nationality prevails here now. The object of this drive of twenty miles around was to see the

country and get an idea of the fruit-growing districts, and in this respect it will be memorable.

The Santa Clara Valley is one of the richest in California. We passed some portions where there were banks which showed the soil to be twenty feet deep. The land has been in constant cultivation for thirty years, with no rest, and seems just as good as ever. They have a way of massing things here. For instance, we would have pointed out a cherry farm, where, as far as we could see, there would be nothing but cherry-trees. Perhaps the next would be an apricot farm. The trees are all set out regularly in rows, straight as an arrow, so that, as we ride along, there is an alternate avenue and line of trees, perhaps twenty feet between. Then the trees are all kept pruned and trimmed to the same size and shape; and when a field of this kind has been passed, acres and acres in extent, you can imagine its beauty. The same characteristics govern the French prune orchards. Do you wonder what is done with all the fruit? Precious good care is taken of that. Connected with each orchard is a drying and packing establishment for the prunes, or facilities for canning and preserving the peaches, pears, apricots and cherries, and they are sent to all parts of the world. And such fruit! I have picked up this minute a cherry from the table and measured

it. It is two and a half inches around, and is a fair average of the few that are left of two pounds I bought yesterday, having eaten the largest on our way home, which probably accounts for my staying in doors with a headache this morning, instead of seeing the sights. We lunched at San José, and then started homeward, retracing the way we went down on Saturday. All along this route are the summer homes of the California kings—Stanford, Hopkins (Sharon and Ralston that were), D. O. Mills, etc. They are out of sight, however.

The temptation to eat some of these cherries is so great that I have covered them over with a brown paper bag, and I am going to stop writing and go to work to repair damages. I dare say your father will want to say a word. I will add that this pen is about the worst I ever used.

Later: I have just had an earthquake to shake me up. After writing the above I became so sleepy I could not work, and was lying down asleep, when there occurred that which no one can ever mistake. The rattling and quivering awoke me, and lasted long enough for me to realize what it was. I listened for what should come next, and saw the lam-brequins in the arch of our bay-window sway and the fringe shake itself out. Then I arose and heard quite a clamor in the halls. It made me sea-sick, and

that was all. The elevator-man says it gave a great scare to those in the sixth story, for the vibration was much greater there. He also remarked, in a rather contemptuous manner, that there were a good many frightened Eastern people here; so I drew my head—or rather my tongue—into my shell, and said no more. But my trip would have been incomplete, I suppose, without a California earthquake. I wonder what your father will say about it when he comes in.

Thursday morning, May 27th: I am dressed before your mother, and so will write a few words before breakfast. It is a hot, bright morning, and we may very probably have another earthquake. S. and I were running about and did not feel the shock at all, though it was pretty sharp in the offices, and especially where people were up from the ground a few stories. Mother thinks that venturesome bow, W., which you drew in your last letter must be a new instrument, as she supposed it was understood that this was our address until otherwise directed. Of course we are not here all the time, but for the present San Francisco is headquarters, and will be until the 20th of June; so that letters mailed up to the middle of June will reach us here.

We inclose a slip from one of the San Francisco papers, describing Colorado Springs and the Garden

of the Gods, etc., which is very good, and which will perhaps interest you.

You don't know how sleepy we all are. Probably the change of air has something to do with it, but we can hardly keep our eyes open all day, and we do some pretty tall sleeping at night. This morning your mother is going to walk with us, and see some of the strange sights, before we go to the office. This is a big city and is well built, yet the streets run out into desolate sand-hills. As we look out of our bay-window up Montgomery street, the eye follows blocks of fine buildings on both sides, and yet within sight the street runs up a steep sand-hill, where it seems to be lost.

SAN FRANCISCO,

May 28th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

To-day we have been over to the Cliff House, a drive of six or seven miles. Mr. M. and Mr. W. went with us, and we enjoyed the ride very much. We went over the hill and around to and through the Government grounds and Camp Presidio, where General Howard is in command. It is really a beautiful spot, situated in what they here call a pocket, between the hills, and yet not hemmed

in, the hills not lying very near, but sufficiently so to shield the grounds from the trade-winds of the Pacific, while they have a cooling breeze all the time, softened by the sun. So mild is it that flowers are in perpetual bloom. The officers' houses are tasty in architecture, and there is quite a settlement of them. The flowers are a feature, and people drive from all parts to see them. But if you think that flowers or anything else grow here spontaneously, without labor, you are mistaken. They have the advantage of soil and climate, but there is no rain all summer, and watering and care must be given, as with us. Just the same everywhere—nothing without work. I was struck with this fact down at San José, as we drove by the orchards and vineyards. In the former the owners are plagued to death with scale-bugs, etc., and in one large field the apple-trees were leafless, because the owner had applied his whale-oil soap too strong. I also saw one vineyard where the vines were covered with sulphur. The local papers are full of remedies for this, that and the other destroyer of their crops.

Well, suppose I go back to my Camp Presidio. The name is musical enough to make one want to stay there. It was an old Spanish fort before we had it—hence its name. A great deal of taste has

been displayed in laying out the grounds, and it all looks as though these occupants might have an easy time, if anybody in this world could. But as we drove along, and saw squads of soldiers drilling and practicing at targets, and noticed the chain of earth-works alongside of the Golden Gate that must be taken care of, I concluded that men could not be drones even here. This narrow passage of the Golden Gate extends three miles, I think, and it will be an achievement worthy of note when an enemy gets by these guns; for, instead of being one fort, there is, as I said, a complete chain, and they look very solid and symmetrical. We had the pleasure of seeing the Portland steamer thread her way through and out. It being rough to-day, the rearing and plunging did not make me sigh one bit for a trip on her.

There is nothing at the Cliff House to see but the mighty Pacific, roaring and dashing against the shore, and the seal-rocks which lie a few rods from the house, and which are covered by the sea-lions basking in the sun. They seemed more peaceably disposed than those we saw the other day, but they were nearer, and consequently more disgusting, crawling and hunching along on the rocks—wet and slimy-looking things, bellowing at nothing all the time.

We came home by way of Golden Gate Park, the only drive about the city that I have seen or heard of. To tell the plain truth, I do not think there is much pleasure in driving. The dust is appalling, and then these trade-winds prevail every afternoon, and drive one full of it. I came home this afternoon and worked till I was tired in getting my bonnet decent again; and as for my face—well, the less said about that the better. I have not seen all of San Francisco yet, but enough to convince me that at the East our lives are cast in pleasant places to live compared with anything this way. Just think of it—no rain all summer. I am lonesome for it even now. I see dust, smell dust, and eat dust all the time.

Saturday morning: So far had your mother written when Mr. S. and I came in and interrupted her. We went through a portion of Chinatown, and among other things went into a hotel and had a cup of tea, which they made for us on the table, and with it brought a plate of cakes, one of sweet-meats, and one of some sort of nuts—all very good. The furniture was carved ebony, and on one side of the room were couches, where, I suppose, we might have had a little opium smoke, if we had so desired. This city of heathen, right in the heart of a Christian city, seems strange and sad. I do not

wonder that the people here want to get rid of it—but how?

The park here, where there are beautiful flowers, etc., was made out of sand-hills more uninviting than Coney Island; and, indeed, nearly all the farms in this country are unpromising enough in their native condition. But everywhere we see the wind-mill and water-tank, and artificial irrigation is a perpetual necessity. Your mother and I have concluded that if we were to go to farming we would rather pick out stones in New England than be forever pouring on water here, notwithstanding the fine flowers and fruits.

We have an invitation from Judge B., our legal adviser here, to go to San Rafael on Monday and drive about, lunch, etc. To-morrow I expect to give to Rev. Mr. Pond and his Chinese mission work, and so look upon the Chinese from a different stand-point. The last of the week we shall probably go to Los Angeles, thence to the Yo Semite, and then return here. At Los Angeles Mr. S. will leave us, and probably go directly home. We dislike exceedingly to part with him, for he is a very pleasant traveling companion, and has contributed much to the enjoyment of our trip.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

May 31st, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We sent off a letter to you on Saturday, and nothing worthy of note has happened since; but we cannot tell one day how we may be occupied the next, and, as I am alone awhile, thinking of you, I may as well tell you so. Yesterday morning your father and I rode on the cable road for about two miles, to attend church where a Rev. Mr. Pond preaches, and who also has *spiritual* charge of the missionary Chinese on this coast. Dr. S. wrote that the Missionary Association wished your father to look him up and see what is best to be done here. They are to have a conference on Wednesday. The church was as chilly as a vault, and I took a chill and also nine grains of quinine last night, besides warming up as soon as I could get home. This morning I am all right, except a headache, which always follows a dose of chills and quinine. This being Decoration Day, business was expected to be rather dull; so the gentlemen of the party took the opportunity to "chin" (slang), as they said, with Mr. M., and talk over business.

Later: They came in at this stop and proposed a walk to Nob Hill, so called from the nobby millionaires who reside there. We passed by Mrs.

Hopkins's, Governor Stanford's, Mr. Colton's, Mr. Flood's, Mr. Crocker's, and Senator Hearst's places, and also saw the Sharon residence, which he had sold before he died. They are all palatial, but not very high, although each one covers an immense space for a private house. The character of many of California's great men does not bear much ventilation; but then they have money, and some of them, it is said, by that means have caused laws to be made in order that their descendants may have some right and title to a respectable pedigree. We also saw the church where Dr. Stone preached so long (now Dr. Barrows'), and several other churches, besides getting a good view of the city and the bay. The smoke has been so dense every time we have had an opportunity to see into the distance that the attempt has been a failure, and we had no better success to-day. The dust and smoke are a bar to any comfort in riding and walking, and, as I have said before, the cutting trade-winds every evening drive the sand into any crevice of the clothing, neck and face. I have now seen quite a little of this great city, and I would not live here any sooner than Mrs. C., and I do not blame her one bit.

I must dress for dinner. I wish I could sit down with you and dine, though you are through by this time, and perhaps abed and asleep. Pleasant dreams.

Later: Father has just read the New York news regarding Decoration Day. What a wonderful thing is the telegraph! And to think it is a rainy day! California flowers for General Grant's tomb are spoken of. I saw one of the pieces made up at Del Monte, and it was beautiful.

Tuesday morning, June 1st: Four weeks ago this afternoon we said good-bye to our dear ones, and it seems as if it were as many months. We have enjoyed it all, but the days have been crowded with new sights. Your mother is dressing, and, as I am ready first, I have a few minutes to chat with you. After dinner last night, your mother, Mr. S. and I started for Chinatown, intending, among other things, to visit the Chinese theatre, of which there are two. We found, however, that both were closed for a few days, as they are once in each year. So we wandered about for awhile, seeing the strange sights, and then got a Chinaman to take us through various dark alleys to a Joss House. Your mother was a good deal inclined to be afraid, and I did not blame her much, for we went through a pretty poky-looking route. The Joss House, or Temple, is small, but filled with very rich furnishings. Bronze carvings covered with gold; banners embroidered with silver and gold; images richly dressed, and, standing in front of them,

weapons which the originals of the images used in their life-time; vases filled with tapers inscribed with Chinese characters, which worshipers select by lot and burn before the images by way of prayer, and in front of each image a cup of tea, made fresh every morning. After leaving the Joss House, we went to the same restaurant which Mr. S. and I visited before, and had some tea. It was made for us on the table, and was perfectly delicious. Such tea you never drank in your lives. It is drawn separately for each person. As we left the place we asked if we could buy some of the tea, which they told us was Oolong, and the price only \$2.50 a pound!

Your mother finds Chinatown the most novel and interesting thing she has seen here, and does not seem to tire of looking at these Celestials in their shops and stores. She seems to have gotten over her Sunday's cold, but here in San Francisco the west winds are terribly harsh and trying. Mr. M. could not bear them, so he was compelled to move to Oakland, where, they tell us, the air is far more balmy.

Aside from the business centre, this is almost entirely a wooden city. Dwellings, churches and school-houses are all built of wood, and almost every house is built with bay-window fronts from

top to bottom, which look pretty at first, but get rather tiresome in their sameness. It is breakfast-time, and I must stop.

SAN FRANCISCO,

June 4th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We leave this afternoon for Los Angeles, so I will mail a few lines from here. Yesterday we went over to Oakland and had a very enjoyable trip. Mr. M. went over at the same time, and at the landing his carriage and horses met us, and we all went driving around the city and its suburbs. We also visited another suburban town on the bay—Alameda by name. Both of these places are made up of residences owned by men doing business in San Francisco. The former is laid out regularly, and nearly all the houses have pretty lawns and gardens around them, in size according to the wealth and taste of the owner. All are unique and pretty; some are pretentious and costly.

If I ever come into this part of the world to live it will be in Oakland, as far as I have seen. Alameda is well laid out, and enjoys a fine air and situation, but is newer, and is not nearly as large and attractive as the former city, which boasts of fifty thousand inhabitants. The palms of many

varieties, roses, geraniums and calla lilies exceed any that I have seen hereabouts, not only in their size, but in their profuse flowering and color as well. One long hedge of geraniums yesterday, of a new flame color and a solid mass of flowers, we saw in the distance fully half a mile before coming up to it. I presume this, however, was partly owing to the clearness of the air and the sun shining upon it. We had an uncommonly clear view of the bay and the islands therein. The latter are few in number, for this is the finest bay in the world, I am told. Alcatraz Island is not large, but consists of one huge perpendicular rock, near the entrance to the Golden Gate, and has fortifications on the top. Opposite is Angel Island, about a mile across from the other, and this space may be considered the exit, or, rather, the commencement of the exit from the bay to the ocean. The bay itself is sixty miles in length, and where we cross to Oakland it is six miles wide, entirely landlocked, except this narrow channel of several miles leading into the Pacific. A good many men-of-war and some foreign steamers were in the bay. We dined at Mr. M.'s. He has a lovely house, which he has just bought, and into which his family moved but two months ago. I wish I could describe some of the trees and shrubbery about their home, but I

cannot. What do you think of a lemon verbena (which you know with us is a twig), being a tree with two trunks, each as large around as my arm, thickly wooded and covered with leaves and flowers? I must confess that this astonished me, even after what I have seen in the way of daisy-trees, and fuchsias, and heliotropes, one vine or shrub of which at Del Monte covers the house broadside to the roof. Do not imagine that all this is without labor and care. Mrs. M. said she had been out all the morning destroying worms; and everybody having anything green around them is compelled to have either a windmill or a steam engine on the place to raise water from some source, to be constantly applied night and morning. The return, however, is grand, and as there is no frost of any consequence, everything lives out, and flowers prevail the year round. It would not be much trouble to me, after all, if I could reap such a return. The contrast between these places and the highways and by-ways is very striking; for now everything not irrigated is getting to look sunburnt and dried, and will be more and more so till November, when the rainy season sets in. Oh, dust! dust! Well, it is dreadful; but of that we have spoken enough before, and I am told that what we shall encounter of that commodity on our more southern route, which we

enter upon to-day, exceeds by far anything we have seen. As we resume the line of march once again I cannot but have vague fears of what may befall us in the way of danger or sickness. I feel it the more as Mr. S. leaves for home next Thursday; and the idea of being alone in case of misadventure is rather formidable. Still, the same kind Heavenly Father, who has shielded us thus far, will, I trust, extend His loving and tender arms in the future, and bring us safely over and through the perils which always surround us everywhere. I am glad to know that you are all well, or *were*. Oh, this distance! I cannot get accustomed to it.

FRIDAY, 4 P. M.,

June 4th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We left San Francisco at half-past three o'clock for Los Angeles, and retraced our steps, or our *steam*, as far as Benicia, where we have just arrived, and are now switching off to the south. We shall soon leave the Sacramento River, which is an extension of the bay before us. Benicia, as we see it on the opposite side of the river, is a pretty town. Uncle Sam has a navy-yard here, and there are several steamers anchored in the bay. Before coming to Benicia we lost sight of the Tamalpais

Mountain, looming up to a great height, and bid good-bye for the present to San Pablo Bay—a beauty of a bay, running in from *the* bay. And now we have almost come upon the Diablo Mountains, two isolated and high peaks; but I see no reason in the name, as I cannot even fancy any resemblance to his Satanic Majesty. At our left, all along the river flats, the rushes and meadow-grass are growing, and they look refreshingly cool, while close on our right are the harvested grain-fields. Most of the grain is already on the way to the outer world, having started since we came down before; for they have a way here of reaping, thrashing and putting into bags as the reapers go along the fields. This car is an old Silver Palace sleeper, and jogs so that I fear you cannot read my hieroglyphics.

We have left the meadows now, and for some time have been running through the San Joaquin Valley, and as far as the eye can see there is nothing but wheat, wheat, wheat, not yet reaped, which makes a most beautiful scene. But here we come in sight of the San Joaquin River, which runs down from the mountains hundreds of miles, and whose waters, though not transparent, are an improvement upon the boiling mud-puddings that we have invariably seen since leaving the East—except as we have passed the rushing torrents from the mountains.

And now we are at Lathrop, where we stop for supper, and so I wish you a very good-night.

Saturday morning, half-past four o'clock: I am dressed, and sit curled up in my berth, waiting for the lazy to rise. We were to be awakened early, in time to see a wonder in the way of engineering skill, as we shall cross the Tehichipa Mountains soon. Of course we are behind time, but the mountains are in sight in the distance, and as I look up I see that we are fast approaching the foot-hills. *I* am ready. I ought to have said before that this valley is as noted for its fertility as is the Santa Clara, this being devoted exclusively to grain—the other to fruit. Throughout the night we have been in the midst of waving fields. Now, however, all is changed. As we approach the hills, the old peculiarity of sedge grass, sage and yucca prevails, interspersed with the beautiful sand-lily, a pure white flower, that is so coy that even pressing causes its leaves to turn transparent and almost disappear. Now all begin to be astir.

Eight o'clock: Well, the great loop, with its curves, and bow-knots, and tunnels is passed, and we are on the downward grade of the mountains. The scenery has been entirely different from any that we have witnessed. Although we are about 7000 feet high, we do not realize it, because the elevation has

been reached by such a circuitous and intricate way, without any very abrupt, tall peaks being seen. The formation of these mountains is also unique, inasmuch as they are coated with a deposit from their own disintegration, which gives them almost the appearance of sand-hills covered with more or less verdure, composed principally of yucca and buck-eye. The latter is a beautiful tree, abounding in all this region, and quite profuse in its flowering, the long spikes of flowers being both pink and white. I ought to add that a great deal of this growth, mingled with live oak, is on the slopes leading down to the gulches, the hills being in most cases bare of flowers. The yuccas are now in bloom, the stalks growing ten or twelve feet high.

Half-past eight: We have just had our breakfast, and the scene has changed. We have entered upon the Mojave Desert, one corner of which we cross for fifteen or twenty miles. The blue mountains are in the distance, and here and there arise abruptly buttes and curious hills, apparently of clay, one or two hundred feet high, and shaped exactly like pictures of volcanoes. The plain is covered with sage brush, and only broken by cactus-trees, which are scattered around. These cacti are very homely, scraggy, scaly and brown, till near the top, where green ends appear, each covered with white flowers.

Some of these trees are broken down and gnarly; some are twenty and thirty feet high.

I laid down my pencil at the last space and said: "I can have no more to say till out of this desert." Then we looked ahead and saw a large lake, but came no nearer to it, and finally it has melted away. Another, away up north, has appeared, and we understand now what a mirage of the desert is, and how easily the weary traveler may be lured on, only to be disappointed, when dying of thirst in the trackless deserts of the Eastern World. Gazing past where was this illusion in the south-east distance, I espy a snow-tipped mountain poking up between two spurs; but of him hereafter. I could write a good deal more about this desert, and how very exclusive the cactus-trees are, and how, when other varieties appear and other flowering shrubs, they retire; but I refrain, for you must be tired.

Sunday evening: We arrived *on time* at Los Angeles yesterday at noon, and after dinner did up the town as far as time would permit. We have had many misgivings about the heat that we might encounter, but the temperature, owing to the lateness of the rainy season, is delightful. I want to try your patience a little longer and go back to the last few miles of our journey prior to our entrance into town. Probably, unless as we return to San

Francisco, my eyes will never again rest upon so much strange loveliness. The desert was transformed into an Eden. No, not an Eden, for there were no trees. We emerged into what is called a pocket, between the mountains. On one side is the lofty San Bernardino Range, on the other the Coast Range, and this little valley is now one bewildering maze of bloom. First came the yuccas; nothing else as tall as they, and their spikes in some cases in this spot are fifteen feet high. They are never very near together—generally three or four rods apart; but as far as the eye can reach you see them—on the plain, up the mountain-sides, and along the line of vision on the tops of the hills, like sentinel pines sometimes with us. Then come the cacti of endless varieties, colors and shapes, except the tree form as farther up the plain. All these would be enough to dazzle the eye, but, besides, there are creeping and upright plants, such as I would give any amount of time and labor to gather and acquaint myself with, which present a most gorgeous display.

But to come back to the town. Of course you know what I did not, that all these old towns were first settled by the Spanish Fathers, sent out by the Bishop of Mexico about 1750. They established missions among the Indians at these places, and most of them are still maintained to some extent, though

the Carmelite mission at Monterey is in ruins, in spite of a great effort just now to resuscitate it. Here the Church of the Angels is kept open, and we looked in this morning, but did not sit out the service. Some of the early adobe, or sun-dried brick dwellings, are still here, and look quaint enough. The old town, surrounding a plaza, still remains, and is inhabited by Chinese. From this old square the modern city has spread to be one of thirty-five or forty thousand inhabitants. It is a very lively place, and is growing rapidly. A goodly number of wealthy people, who think they cannot live at the East, come here for their health, and their houses and grounds are beautiful.

We drove through some fine places, and can imagine a little bit what a tropical clime may produce by this semi-tropical one. All kinds of palm, pomegranate, fig, banana, olive and cocoanut-trees flourish; and then the orange and lemon-trees—but of them we shall see more to-morrow, when we go to Pasadena, ten miles out, where we hope to visit some of the groves on our way. And now I shall let your father speak. He sits on the piazza by my side, and has just said: "Do you realize where you are? I cannot. It seems like some Southern town, only livelier."

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,

June 8th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your mother's journal slips tell the story up to our arrival here and our first impressions of the town. In speaking of our journey hither she has omitted to mention the *bees*. We passed several bee ranches, which are located where the bees can feed on the sage blossoms, from which they make the white honey.

Yesterday, we had a drive of some thirty-five miles to see the vineyards and orange groves. The oranges are mostly gathered, but still we had the pleasure of picking from the trees oranges, lemons and limes. We drove through several private places, among them that of Professor C., formerly State Superintendent of Schools, and were introduced to Mrs. C., who showed us about the place. They bought the ground eight years ago, when it was wild and covered with sage, cactus and wild mustard, but you would now suppose it to be a place that had been cultivated for generations. They have a hundred varieties of grapes and twenty of Japanese persimmons. They shipped this year five hundred boxes of oranges, etc., etc. Roses and other flowers are of infinite variety and in profusion. We went through another place where the lady has a hundred varieties of roses.

So we rode on through Pasadena to Sierra Madre Villa, of which I send you a picture, where we lunched. The house is close by the Sierra Madre Mountains, and overlooks the San Gabriel Valley, a charming, quiet, restful place. Then we drove down the valley, through Rose's ranch, where there are eighteen hundred acres of grapes, eighteen thousand orange-trees, a wine-press and vaults, etc., etc. We afterwards passed through a vineyard of three thousand acres, and then came to San Gabriel Mission, the oldest adobe church we have seen, built some two hundred years ago, with a flat tower pierced with arches, in which bells were hung. The village is mostly of old adobes, and mainly occupied as saloons. All were quiet enough as we saw them, but on Sundays, we were told, they are pretty busy with cock-fighting, bull-baiting and carousing, the population being very largely Spanish and Indian.

We have seen growing, in addition to what I have mentioned, pomegranates, cocoanuts, dates, olives, figs, bananas, guava, and I hardly know what else, and have enjoyed oranges as never before. It takes but a short time to raise almost any green thing, and every plant grows so rapidly that it may be trimmed to assume almost any shape. Hedges of cypress, limes and many other shrubs are

abundant, and require constant trimming to keep them smooth.

We have been fortunate in the weather. We expected to suffer with the heat, but have not done so at all. To-day is pretty warm, but the nights are cool, the fog coming up regularly from the ocean, which is twenty miles away. Rain and showers they never have from April to November, and there is plenty of dust, and will be more before the autumn rains set in.

This afternoon we expect to leave this southern country for the Yo Semite, and thence to San Francisco, where we hope to arrive Monday or Tuesday of next week. How much or how often you will hear from us en route remains to be seen. Well, as many fine and beautiful things as there are here, neither of us has the slightest inclination to exchange our own dear home for all that we have seen so far.

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

June 9th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We parted from Mr. S. yesterday afternoon, much to our regret. At the beginning of our journey, both of us, having never met, were a little anxious lest we should not prove congenial, though father had prophesied otherwise, and for about an

hour after he joined us at Albany we eyed each other shyly during the general conversation. As I arose the next morning and stepped out of my section, preparatory to making my grand toilet for the day, I confronted Mr. S., bent upon the same errand. We exchanged greetings, and I remarked, *en passant*, "I trust we shall look better pretty soon." In the laugh which followed the ice was broken; and it came out afterwards that later in the day he wrote to his wife: "She will do." I had said the equivalent to your father, and ever since our friendship has steadily increased. He leaves on the A. and P. road this morning for home.

If things had progressed properly we should have left Los Angeles at ten minutes to one, but the train was five hours late, so we finally started at half-past five. We were rather glad, inasmuch as we should have been obliged to leave our car at Berenda at three o'clock in the morning for another to Raymond, the end of the road. But such a night as we have had we may as well laugh as cry over. Firstly, we are in an old Silver Palace sleeper, the accommodations of which are extremely limited, and secondly, with a hot box and nobody knows what else, we are seven and a half hours late. However, we shall get some breakfast at the next station, and, if nothing further happens, reach Berenda about

eleven o'clock, where we change cars for a ride of twenty-two miles, and then go by stage to Clark's, a distance of thirty-four miles. So you can imagine as well as I what a delightful day we have in prospect. But we are both feeling pretty well, for which I am devoutly thankful. Last night was the most trying that we have had. The heat was oppressive, and there was so much backing and filling that I got little sleep. We shall have a hard pull for the next five days, but we cannot expect to travel in this country without many discomforts; if we do we shall be disappointed.

This morning we have nothing to take us out of ourselves as I begin writing to my dear ones, who are now well on in their day's occupation. W. is at his office long ago, I suppose. Oh dear! how far we are from home. And I think if you were dragging over an abominable desert this hot and dusty morning, with nothing but an orange inside, you would think it a pleasant home, if never before. I do not say this complainingly. It is only a necessary incident to the kind of pleasure of which we are in pursuit, and it is a part we hear little about, because the greater good compensates for the lesser evils. Jack-rabbits and ground-squirrels are busy enough. I do not know how many I have seen skipping along like the very mischief. They are a

great nuisance where there is anything of value, but I do not see what they can live on here. Father says: "Put up your writing." Order is heaven's first law; obedience next.

Breakfast is over with, such as it was. Now you need not be pitying your father. He is having a good time, and I have not uttered a complaining word since I left home. Mr. S. said yesterday that he could truthfully say that he never saw a lady who bore the inconveniences of travel with such equanimity! I expect you will imagine that this bodes ill in some way. You just hear once how the women do go on, and you will conclude that you have quite a decent mother. My discipline in the Maine woods tells in this country. This place, where we breakfasted, is Tulare City, a little burg set down flat on the plain, for we are in the Joaquin Valley again. Oh joy! The grain-fields appear, most of them in stubble, and the live-oaks spread themselves all about singly, not unlike our elms, and in the distance we see the woods. The Joaquin River is just ahead; the irrigation commences; the worst of this day's *car* ride is over.

Half-past ten o'clock: Just arrived at Berenda and changed cars, instead of at seven o'clock. The passengers are pretty glum for having waited so long. They propose to detain the stage until

to-morrow in order to see the big trees. *We* expect to see them as we come back, and have seats engaged to go on. We heard so many growls that finally I laughed and told them that *we* had waited seven and a half hours, but we were not to blame. Whereat all seem amused and happy. The car passengers consist of four ladies, with no escort. I hope one who keeps up a constant change of seats and silly chatter *will* stay back. "How can you keep still? I can't." Another move. "Oh dear! I am so sorry to lose the trees. Oh, what a lot of cinders! I wonder if it is going to be hot up there?" And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Twelve o'clock: Sitting in front of tent at Raymond. Stage just arrived from the Yo Semite. One young lady is sorry she went in. "Stage route awful; went on no trails; too much disgusted." We shall see. We are ready to load up. I expect to go through all right. Good-bye.

Thursday afternoon: We arrived at Clark's by stage at a quarter-past nine Wednesday night, having ridden through thirty-four miles of sublime and picturesque scenery. The road, for a stage route, is a good one, if I confine myself to the road-bed, which must have tested the skill of the engineer almost as much as the railroad through the mountains of Colorado. Getting into this valley is totally different

from what I had imagined. I had supposed that we were to pass through a rough, intricate path on the floor of a cañon. Instead of that, our way lies upon the sides of mountains all the way, and gaining in altitude between 5000 and 6000 feet, till Inspiration Point is reached, from whence we descend at a *reasonable* rate of speed. In the meantime we reached Clark's—the last two and a half hours by moonlight. A never-to-be-forgotten experience. The pines have for a long way back reigned supreme monarchs of the forest, with little undergrowth, except wild lilacs, our northern boxwood and some other flowering shrubs, which fill the air with their sweetness. Fortunately, we gained confidence in our driver early in the day, and were whirled around the most astonishing curves and climbed circuitous hills beside the most precipitous chasms with commendable composure.

After a great deal of scrubbing and a strengthening beverage we retired and slept the sleep of the weary, if not of the just. In the morning we arose and breakfasted in time to resume travel at seven o'clock. Of course there was no great difference in our plan of progress from yesterday. We were creeping up, up most of the time, our views in the openings becoming grander, and the pines growing larger and larger, till they were generally rated a

hundred, a hundred and fifty, a hundred and seventy-five and two hundred feet high, proportionately large at the base, and straight as an arrow, their tops seeming to pierce into the intense blue of the heavens. Then we went on and on, till at length we reached the point where we halted to gaze into the valley far below us, and, above and over all, to look, perhaps, upon the wildest and grandest sight in the world. To see is to appreciate; to describe is impossible. Perhaps your father can do better. He has gone to-day to Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome by trail, to look, I believe, over half the world. I wanted very much to go; but the morning is hot, and, though I mounted and rode a little distance, prudence gained the day, and I returned, fearing for my head, as the trail up the mountain-side is in the broiling sun. Before that attempt, however, we arose at five o'clock, and at six were off with a party to Mirror Lake, which lies at the head of the valley, and into which is reflected the amphitheatre of mountains, with their jagged and frowning crests, as well as their rounded, unique and fanciful forms. Over one of the latter the sun arose, revealing in its brightness and reflections forms and foliage over and beyond what we could otherwise see, and giving pine-trees which were near the brink the appearance of being covered with glistening snow. By moving

we saw this a few seconds each time, and after the third change of place we rowed out on the lake for the same effect, and for shadows in another direction. Even the flag on Glacier Point showed distinctly, although the height is 3200 feet above the lake.

I have forgotten to tell you of the cascades and water-falls. We passed several of them on our way into the valley. The Bridal Veil is a beauty. The sheet of water does not look so very wide, but is so immensely high that long before it reaches the foot it spreads, in appearance, into the most delicate vapor, and the spray reaches us as we pass into the valley. A foaming torrent comes from this fall, which we cross by a high bridge over the rapids. Last night we rode down to see a most beautiful rainbow, which forms in the midst of the spray every evening. As I sit at my window and look across a quarter of a mile, the Yo Semite Fall comes tumbling down a distance of 2600 feet. This is broken once by falling into a pool, and then it tumbles again. One thing is peculiar about this and the Bridal Veil. Portions of the water have the singular appearance of exploded rockets, which come down in serpent shapes, making a very fascinating scene, on which I could sit and look forever.

Five o'clock: Your father has just come in, worn and saddle-weary. He thinks I was wise to

stay at home. But he says he has witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten sight. A fellow-traveler has been in the Alps and the Andes, and he does not believe there is a visitable spot its equal in the world. The usual Alps and Andes tourists abound, and all freely ventilate their ideas and make their comparisons. I will own that when I first came into the valley the immensity of the place was somewhat dimmed by a remembrance of the great Arkansas Cañon and the Black Cañon, but it grows upon me. In the former there is only room for the walls, and track, and river; here the valley averages a mile in width, with a lake, rivers from the different cascades, cultivated fields, two parallel streets, three hotels and two stores, and the State is now making arrangements to erect on a plateau a hotel of comfortable dimensions, with modern improvements. So it is said that this cañon is not to be compared with any other known. To-morrow we leave early for Clark's.

Sunday evening: A good part of our valley trip is ended. We are at Clark's, where we arrived yesterday noon. After lunch we drove nine miles to Mariposa Grove and back. The big trees father will tell you about, as he is writing in the office. As we shall not post this letter till we are safely out, I will say that nobody should attempt to make

this trip unless they are good mountain travelers, both as regards endurance and trust in your team and driver. You can imagine this when you realize that the road is only wide enough for the wagon, with an occasional spot to turn out when meeting others. A great part of the way lies on the edge of frowning precipices, hundreds of feet deep. The curves are innumerable, and mostly built up with stones on the cañon side, which are firm enough, to be sure, and, if nothing happens, all right; but, if anything *should* occur, you are in great peril. This season, two weeks ago, one horse got to kicking, and that bewitched the others; the driver's strength gave out, and he said to the lady on the seat with him: "For God's sake help me!" Her presence of mind and strength saved the party, though one lady had a broken leg, and one is still in the valley too ill to get away, and has sued the company for damages. Then again, it was not so very pleasant to have pointed out, in passing, the three pines where, three years ago, the stage was stopped by masked robbers and seven men robbed of two thousand dollars and four gold watches. Our driver was the driver then. Up in the valley the subject was discussed, when some one asked the hotel proprietor about the other road in from Milton. "Oh," said he, "this is the best by all means; it

is thirty miles shorter, is less dusty, and robberies are three to one there! The proper way is to carry little, and deliver up if attacked." Quite encouraging! So you see, aside from the expense, one visit to the Yo Semite is an undertaking of some magnitude. But I would not have missed the ride. I should go once, because I am so fond of mountain travel, and you know it never tires me. Yesterday we drove forty-four miles, and I could have gone farther just as well; whereas the same time in the cars wearies me dreadfully. I must now stop and put things in readiness for to-morrow's stage ride of thirty-four miles.

Tell Mrs. W. that I have thought of her many times on our way in. More than once your father said: "What would Mrs. W. and F. do? If they came to Colorado they could never come here." Over the last two miles into the valley, even *I* held my breath, and clung to your father with the grip of despair. I must stop. A loving good-bye to each.



BIG TREE STATION, WAWONA, CAL.,

Sunday Afternoon, June 13th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your mother's journal letter will give you pretty full details of our doings since we left Los Angeles, and you will see that we had a pretty full week. The stage ride into the Yo Semite was a dusty one, and people not used to staging find it a pretty hard one, but we enjoyed it very much. The scenery is fine, differing from New England mountain scenery in a sense of largeness, if you can understand what that means. Your mother has given you her impressions of the valley, and I will only add that yesterday morning, after visiting Mirror Lake and seeing the beautiful reflections, especially of the rising sun, I started on horseback for Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome. I was well repaid for my trip, though I came home tired and sore from my horseback journey of eleven and a half miles up and down the steep mountain-side. I shall never forget the views I had as I looked down into the valley and upon the cascades falling into it, and saw the shadows away down in Mirror Lake, and then looked up and off upon the snow-covered mountains, the source of supply for all these water-falls.

Yesterday we took the stage at six o'clock and came this far back, and in the afternoon visited the big trees. These do not at first impress one with their immensity, surrounded as they are by mammoth pines, many of which are 200 feet in height, and of a size and freedom from knots to make a lumberman's mouth water. Still, the largest one is 105 feet in circumference. The road runs through the body of another, which we drove through in a four-horse stage, and there is plenty of the tree on each side to keep it alive and flourishing for ages.

We are not sorry to rest here for a day, though it is not the easiest thing in the world to do, as the stage connections are made for every day, and seats secured, which the passenger is expected to occupy both days of the trip. However, we have arranged it, and some eight or ten of us have stopped over. This morning your mother and I had a long walk; a good deal longer than we intended, for we missed the path which we ought to have taken and followed another for a long way. Still, it was delightful among the trees and flowers. We are in the midst of Washburns here. There are three brothers, cousins of Mrs. H., and, of course, kinsmen of ours. Two of them keep this hotel, and the third is Superintendent of the stage line. You can

tell Mr. H. that they all inquire about him with interest.

This afternoon Mr. Washburn sent a team with us to Chindualdo Falls, a succession of beautiful cascades, which, if they were farther away from the Yo Semite, travelers would go out of their way to visit. We have found many pleasant stage companions; among others Professor Bruce, of Glasgow, whom I shall hope to see in New York, if he does not finish his tour and leave before I get back. There are also others not so pleasant; one a woman who constantly reminds me of Solomon's proverb: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." I told your mother I should like to put a plaster over her mouth, if I thought I could make it stick. She is the one we met at Berenda, and she has been our stage and hotel companion ever since. We shall be only too glad when our ways lie separate again.

Last night there was a frost here; a great change in the weather from the day before, or from anything we have experienced very lately; but the air is clear and fine. Indeed, we should be glad to see a little rain, even if it forced us to change some of our plans, for we have not seen a drop since we left home, the nearest approach to it being a Scotch

mist one morning in San Francisco. I suppose we shall have enough, however, in Oregon, where Californians say it rains thirteen months in the year. We are dirty creatures, the dust being ground into our clothes so that we cannot get them clean. This soil is very fine, and it is now two months or more since there has been even a shower; so you can imagine that in a stage ride of sixty miles each way (add eighteen more for the trip to Big Trees, and also my horse-back ride) we are pretty well begrimed. Still, we keep well, and for this we cannot be too thankful, nor for our preservation from harm by any dangers of travel to which we have been exposed.

ON THE CARS,

June 13th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We are well out of the valley and bound for San Francisco. The ride by coach to-day was full of interest, for in returning many beautiful views were presented which were overlooked in going the other way. We have not yet quite lost sight of the snow-capped mountains, which are left behind forever, and to which I extend a sad good-bye, for the sight of them in their grandeur

and wild magnificence has given father and me the greatest pleasure. And now we are in the hot and dusty plain again. The thermometer is ninety-three degrees in the shade, with not a tree or shrub to relieve the monotony. This morning we arose at three o'clock and took the stage at four, in all our warm wraps and heavy shawls. Uncomfortably hot is no name for it here; but we are safe and well, after a laborious and rather perilous journey, for which we ought to be devoutly thankful. How people can live on these hot, burning plains, without a shade, I cannot imagine. Life in this way would have few charms for me. O for one rainy day!—one shower even. Can you imagine what dreadful dust we encounter? No, you cannot, for you never saw anything approaching it. Our thirst is intolerable, and we do not dare to drink. I sit with a piece of borax in my mouth, to alleviate the parched throat. I shall not be surprised if this proves our hottest day, as we go north pretty soon. Still, in going to the geysers we pass through the torrid Napa Valley. I believe, though, that the Napa is fruit-growing. If so, we shall see something besides wheat and stubble to gladden the eye.

Half-past four o'clock: Oh joy! The San Joaquin River is reached. The live oaks appear. The Coast-line Mountains are in sight, and each mile we go

brings us nearer our haven for the night, as well as into a cooler atmosphere. Indeed, we already feel some relief. You had better discard the bad impressions conveyed in this scrawl. The pleasurable experiences of this trip far—very far—exceed the disagreeable.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

June 15th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We arrived last night safe and well, but pretty tired and dreadfully dirty. I will add but a few lines to my long letter of Sunday. The weather here is so different from our home climate that we do not realize that it is the middle of June, and that it is time for New Yorkers to think of going into the country. It is true that in southern California and in the San Joaquin Valley it was hot—oppressively so—but here it has been quite cool enough for comfort, and almost every night a fire in the reception-room of the hotel has been a very pleasant sight. To-night we are putting things in order, as we leave in the morning for the geysers, a three-days' trip, from which we shall return here on Friday.

And now I will say good-night. Your mother sends love to you both, and says you need not expect any more such long letters from her as of

late, for she is sure you will not care to wade through them (I know better than that); but it beguiles the weariness of car riding to tell you where we are and what we are doing.

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

June 16th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We were refreshed yesterday by the letters from home. I should love to see little Grace firmly walking about and practicing her housekeeping. How pretty she must look with her little maiden ways. I do not think she will know us on our return.

You see we are on the cars again. Yes, we are en route for the geysers—not so much to see those phenomena as the country leading to them, since your father wants to get a general idea of all this section. We are told that those in the Yellowstone are so far grander that these are scarcely worth while going to see. I hardly know how I am to-day, but probably am feeling the effect of the extreme heat in the cars during our Yo Semite trip. The change to San Francisco air was great.

We started on *this* pilgrimage at half-past seven o'clock; it is now half-past ten, and at twelve we expect to change for a stage ride. We are on an

entirely new route, going north. The first two hours were stupid enough, as we were passing through a narrow valley of sand, and there was not a speck of anything not burnt up by the drought and sun. I suppose the worst is over, for we are where the live oaks appear (God bless them), as do also vineyards and orchards. It seems that this strip is divided into Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Russian River Valleys. It is considered a portion of great pride to the State, on account of its fertility, and I may see something that would induce me to live here, but, as at present advised, nothing would tempt me, unless obliged, to do so. We have just passed a large vineyard, but the *grapes are sour*. Your father says my eye is crooked to-day; it is full of dust and dirt, and this car jolts so that I cannot write. We have passed through Petaluma and Healdsburg, towns of some pretension. At the latter place is a Second Advent college, where, I believe, they make ministers.

The geysers, four o'clock: We arrived here a few moments ago; have brushed up and are sitting on a shady piazza, in one of the most romantic spots in the world. At Cloverdale we took dinner, and immediately commenced the climb to this nook. Our way lay alongside a cañon all the time, but entirely different from any that we have seen.

California presents more variety of landscape, more curious formations and combinations of foliage, rocks, sand, mountains, etc., than one can imagine. This ravine is bounded by high, undulating mountains, which rise gradually one above the other, partly bare, and some covered with sun-burnt grass; others have the appearance of sun-burnt sand, down which, long ago, something has trickled, and scooped out deep channels, striping and discoloring the surface. But intermingled with all this are trees of almost every kind, I should think, from the tall and stately ones to scrubby oaks and beautiful shrubs. The buckeye is in full bloom, and fills the air with its perfume and its wealth of flowers. The calacanthus, or, with us, the strawberry shrub, lines the road here, where it grows to the size of a tree, and is also in blossom; and one more I will mention—the holly; not the English, but a shrub-tree, which bears white branches of flowers, somewhat like our lilacs. There were but few rocks, though we drove between two, called the Devil's Gate, and passed another, very isolated and ragged, known as Eagle Rock.

I must tell you that this road is built on the slope of the mountain, and all along we look into the abyss below, most of the way three and four hundred feet down, where flows a rumbling, roaring

stream. One spot, called Devil's Slide, is eight hundred feet straight down, and there are not six inches between us and the brink! I am getting hardened, however. There is one comfort: nothing that we can encounter in this line of travel can be worse. Your father said this afternoon that this was as bad as anything he ever wished to see. Now I must go to supper. The ride has helped me, and I am feeling very fresh.

Thursday afternoon: This morning we arose at five o'clock, dressed for the occasion, and, with the guide, started at six o'clock for Geyser Cañon, which is the awfulest spot I ever saw. It is supposed that there was once a crater where, or nearly where, the present disturbance is. It seems as though, if I were standing on the top of any one of the hills, or rather mountains, which encircle this spot, I could easily imagine myself looking over into what might at any moment burst into flame; for the sides are covered with melted rocks and lava; the steam is rising through innumerable fissures; the springs all along are boiling in their fury; we walk over both the hard and melted lava, into which we can at times plunge our sticks down to any length; we listen and hear the rumbling and gurgling under and all around us, and as we pass over one apparently solid place the crust yields and shakes, as

though the partition between us and we know not what was very slight. Melted conglomerate rocks, that have been thrown out, lie all about; and one or two pools, belching out inky fluid, remind one that there are infernal regions, and those not so very far away.

The springs are iron, sulphur, soda, Epsom salt, alum, magnesia, beside one hot lemonade spring (so called) of tartaric acid. The Witches' Caldron is a basin about six feet by three, and is boiling with rage, the temperature being three hundred degrees.

The hotel is a Swiss chalet, perched on the side of the mountain, opposite the geyser chasm; and on the cool, vine-shaded piazza we sit side by side—your father reading up this place, and I writing my impressions of the horrible spot, on which, across the ravine a few rods away, I look and see the steam rising in the sun, as it hisses up from the miserable depths where we wandered. Here we intend to rest to-day for a novelty, and to-morrow morning leave by the other route through the Napa Valley.

Friday morning: We are now on the piazza, waiting for the wagon to take us to Calistoga; thence we go by rail to San Francisco. We have enjoyed ourselves here right well, and feel rested for another start. The cañon seems more alive to-day than yesterday, and the smoke, or steam, forms quite a

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cloud; the sulphur fumes reach us also. I declare, I am as near to his Satanic Majesty as I ever wish to be! It seems as if the eternal fires were about to open up.

Calistoga, half-past two o'clock: Have just had dinner and are awaiting the cars to take us back to San Francisco. We have had a most delightful drive to this place, and as we have parted company and acquaintance with our coachman, I wish to introduce him to you—Mr. Charley Foss. He is a character in these parts, and well known as the best driver on the Pacific coast, as was his father before him. We were fortunate to be here on his day to drive, and this was the first time that we occupied outside seats, which we did in order to ride with Charley Foss. He owns a great part of the road and knows every stone in it. There is not a tree, or shrub, or flower of any kind of which he does not know the name, the family to which it belongs, its genus and structure, peculiar habits and qualities, and he talks as earnestly of them all as though he were an educated botanist. But what a whip he is! We came over a frightful road the first fifteen miles, yet he inspired me with perfect confidence in a few minutes. He speaks to his horses as though they were his children, calling them each by name, and they obey his voice with more alacrity

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than some children do their parents. But oh! the way we came bounding around the hair-pin curves and down the declivities was a caution to timid people. Crack! goes the whip. "Sam, you scoundrel, what are you so lazy for? Dolly, keep up with your old man. Steady, Bella!" And when we took a flying leap in the air—"Rise, wicked sinners, rise!"

The scenery for the first twenty miles was wild, imposing and romantic. Every mountain within sight, however, was pointed out and named, the beauties of every glen were commented upon, attention was called to every imaginative profile in rock or on far-away mountain, negro melodies were sung with all their natural pathos and fervor, and finally the English dude tourist was taken off till we all laughed nearly to exhaustion. Such has been our morning, but we are now whirling on again with the steam horse in command, not half so pleasant or entertaining.

Later: We find by reference to the map that we have already traveled through a large part of California, certainly the best part, and probably this Napa Valley is equal to any in richness of soil and cultivation, though Santa Clara and Los Angeles Counties lay claim to rivalry. The productions differ materially, as this Napa Valley is too far north for orange and semi-tropical fruit and nut culture,

but it has the advantage of a large and navigable river, the Napa, flowing through it as far as Napa City, which was the means of communication between that city and San Francisco before the railroad came. This is turned to good account, being drawn upon for irrigation; hence, with the fine soil, crops are bountiful and very remunerative. The vineyards stretch away at times as far as the eye can reach.

We frequently pass large wineries. The dwellings are mostly mansions of pretension, situated perhaps in the middle or rear of the grounds, and are surrounded by trees and hedges, with broad avenues leading to the street which are also lined with evergreens, sometimes trimmed in arches and other fanciful shapes. It really seems as though one might live here, if it would only rain occasionally. We are almost at North Vallejo, the centre of a large lumber trade, which commodity (the red-wood lumber) is shipped to all parts of the world.

Five o'clock: We have now crossed San Pablo Bay and passed by Mare Island on ferry-boat, en route for Oakland, where we cross again for San Francisco, and then our visit to the geysers will have come to an end. However much we may see yet in our wanderings, the awful scene of that oozing pit will never be effaced.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

June 19th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We arrived last evening, pretty well tired by our trip to the geysers, but feeling well repaid, for it was very enjoyable. By rail we passed through two fruitful valleys and by stage through a most wonderful gorge, following the Pluton River for some twenty miles, above and below the geysers, as it flows down the Mayacama Mountains. As your mother has written you, the road is a narrow one, on the side of the gorge, and a wild one it is, with such short and narrow turns on the edge of the precipice as you never saw, and can hardly imagine. Some of them have such names as "Hair-pin Turn," "Door-knob Turn," "Letter S," etc., etc., and the way our four horses scampered down the hills and around these turns would be a terror to weak nerves. Your mother says the pictures she has seen in *Harper's* and other pictorials, of stages coming down the mountains at full gallop, she always thought were exaggerated, if not wholly imaginary, but they represent only sober facts.

The geysers are not really geysers at all, but what remains of an old volcano, and the walk about them and over the ground is just like walking in the crater of a volcano not in eruption, as travelers

describe it, except that it has not the crater shape. We have the same minerals, heat, steam and smells.

And here we are back at the Palace Hotel, where we miss Mr. S. more than anywhere else, for here he was with us all the time, and it really seems a little lonesome without him.

Tuesday, June 22d, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We bid good-bye to San Francisco early this morning, and, having been joined at Oakland by Mr. M., are now on our way to the unknown. So far we have come over the same route that we came in on, via Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, but at Davis, where we have just had our dinner, we branched off, leaving Sacramento River and City at our right. As we launch forth again and take a retrospective glance, we can but feel grateful for the many pleasures that have gladdened our path, as well as for the watchful care that has preserved us through dangers by the way, and for the measure of health that we both enjoy. It is seven weeks to-day since we left home, not knowing what should befall us. For all these mercies we give thanks.

Our way for some time, I believe, will run through the fertile Sacramento Valley; indeed, the water-tanks and windmills give sure indication of labor and

thrift. We are passing in the midst of vineyards of vast extent, as you may judge when I say that we are on a plain, and, turn which way I will, I see nothing but vines covering the ground, for, since they are allowed to grow only three or four feet high, with no support, as the twigs spread out they reach their neighbors and cling to them, thus forming an almost continuous whole. They are all trimmed close to the trunk every season; hence every sprout or bearer is new growth. Some of the stumps are very large, according to the age of the vineyards. The wineries on the places are a feature also. The dwelling-houses and ornamental grounds amid the fields indicate that the owners are rich. Do you know what the oleander is? It grows here in some of the gardens surrounding the houses, in trees, not only the pink variety, but also the white as well, which blend, or rather contrast finely, and make a great show, being covered with bunches of blossoms. We are in an ordinary car and over the wheels, making it almost impossible to write. It is very hot, but there is air enough stirring to cover me with soot and ashes, as it comes through an open window beside an obstinate old fuss, who, I almost hope, will burn a small hole in her dress, which may induce her to close it. It would be quite a serious matter to have my light, inflammable duster take fire. We

have a long car ride before us—all day long in fact, but I am getting used to that.

Half-past two o'clock: We are in a fiery furnace. Thermometer at the last station one hundred and four degrees in the shade. Our vineyards ended long ago, and we see nothing but grain and stubble. The machines cut off the top of the straw only, leaving the stubble high, which glistens in the hot sun, making it seem seven times hotter as it reflects into the car.

Later: What we have seen for miles and miles is a sea of wheat. Will there ever be another famine? Once in several miles there is a house, away off in the fields, with some eucalyptus-trees around it and a *windmill*. The homes are evidently too far off for the reapers to live in while reaping, for alongside of the machines are little houses on wheels, where I see cooking going on. There is no carting the rough material. A steam engine goes along, and a steam thrasher thrashes out the wheat, and another movement winnows and hustles it into the bags in which it is shipped. It lies in the bags on the field at the convenience of the owner, without any fear of harm. We have come through a good many little stopping-places, and at all the stations the indications were that everything and everybody is in some way in business appertaining to wheat and its storage

till such a time as the railroad can forward it. The valley here, which is simply a continuation of the Sacramento, has been fifty or sixty miles wide, but it is narrowing. In the remote distance I see mountains, and very, very far away, two white, snow-capped peaks loom up. As we shall cross the river (Sacramento) in about half an hour, we are led to expect a cooler belt. However, I have not suffered as much as some who seem almost exhausted. Live oaks appear now pretty plentifully, sprinkled among the wheat-fields. I always take pleasure in noticing them, for they usually are the harbingers of good. I should not wonder if the worst of this day's heat were over.

The Sierra Nevada Mountains have been a wonder and a joy to me from the first; none the less so this colossal peak in the far north-east, which can be seen rearing its head into the intense blue of the heavens, and covered with its eternal crown of snow, gleaming in the sun. I am sure one can endure heat and almost any other discomfort in order to view these great handiworks of the Creator. Oh! oh! oh! Mt. Shasta comes into view. I care little for the other now, if its shape *is* like Mt. Vesuvius, even to its crater-looking top.

Mt. Shasta stands alone, with only two foot-hills in front, and is all snow-covered. It looks from

here to be the highest mountain that I have seen. If Pike's Peak is higher, so is the plain from which it rises, and it does not look so. This is 14,500 feet, and that is enough. I shall see more of it to-morrow, when, I believe, we drive within ten miles or so of its base. We have come into a rolling country, and are going up grade. I hope that we shall not get so high as to spoil the effect of the mountain. Now Pike's Peak is over 14,000 feet high from the sea; but what has the sea to do with it when 3000 miles away? Fairly, a mountain should be measured from its base. I do not want to calculate how high my own stand-point is. That has nothing to do with the appearance of the mountain proper. I once said: "Pike's Peak does not look 14,000 feet high." "Oh, but you must remember that *you* are up more than 7000 feet." I did remember; but it did not raise Pike's Peak *seemingly* for all that, though a grand mountain it is.

Evening: Arrived at the end of the railroad at seven o'clock, and found driver and team awaiting us. He has come from some little distance. Imagine us in the commonest kind of log cabin, with a tall weed or plant of some kind growing through the cracks just outside our bed-room door. Our room has a bit of carpet; the rest of the shanty

has bare boards. We have not yet supped, but are cooling ourselves on the little porch. There are mountains all around us, and just over the ledge we hear the murmur of the Sacramento River, where its head-waters rush and roar over the rocks, as they have done for the last fifty or sixty miles.

There are other shanties and sheds in this glen around us, but the *post office* is in *our* building. In the parlor there are one small pine table, two wooden chairs and an *upright piano*, which is open, with a piece of music stretched upon the rack! The flies number some millions, but they are the only living animals that I have *seen*.

Castle Rock Station, Wednesday noon: We arrived here about eleven o'clock and have not yet dined. I snatch a moment to talk with my loved ones far away. For various reasons I slept little last night, and arose at four o'clock this morning, dressed, breakfasted, and was ready at six o'clock for the first installment of our ride to Oregon. Our road has lain along the sides of the mountains and overlooking the Sacramento River. At no place has it seemed dangerous when we had the right of way; but we had to dismount three times when passing teams, and once we came upon one on a curve suddenly, where neither could back, and it was on the steepest spot that we have passed to-day.

The horses behaved admirably. Our two cramped all their feet and clung to the bank, while the two off wheels hung over the chasm, the wagon holding on by the nigh wheels, while the loaded team-wagon grazed the inner bank, and thus they passed. Of course we were out, huddled close to the back of our vehicle. The hills and mountains have assumed a new aspect from those we have been seeing. They are covered with verdure, and, showers occurring occasionally among them, the grass is green. We have come all the morning through pines intermingled with green underwood, and the whole region is very wild. One road only leads to Oregon, and this is encumbered thus far very often by loaded team-wagons transporting supplies to the various railroad camps; for the Southern Pacific (Oregon Division) is now being extended to within a couple of miles of this point. In consequence of this we have had rather an exciting ride. We were told at Delta that our chief danger to-day would consist in our near proximity to the blasting. We thought we started early enough to get by before the blasts were exploded, but such was not our good fortune, notwithstanding my having spied a horseshoe with three nails and insisted upon its being lifted into the wagon! We arrived at three different spots just as they were going off. We were warned, however, in

time, and the horses, being slow-pokes, were not at all frightened, so we escaped without harm, and the driver said the horseshoe brought good luck after all. The road is being built by the Celestials. It was a pretty sight to look down upon their city of tents, in three divisions, and some distance from each other, nestled in among the rocks and trees. It reminded me of war times.

Old Shasta has loomed up occasionally in the openings, and one grand view presented itself. We had seen none but verdure-clad mountains during the morning, as I said, when all at once there burst into sight, just in advance, a most eccentric spur of barefaced rock, extending, I should think, for some five miles, and perfectly isolated. It had all the appearance in miniature of the eastern portion of the Yo Semite, except one *whole* dome, which came first at the right; then a half dome; next Sentinel and Cathedral Rocks. There they ran down and stopped. These peaks are perhaps one-third as high as the Yo Semite Mountains, and present the appearance of an immense castle.

We now find that this station, where we dine, is named Castle Rock, in honor of this unique and grand freak of nature.

After supper: Nothing eventful happened in our afternoon ride. We arrived at this place, Sisson's,

at half-past five. The distance traveled to-day was thirty-eight miles. The road reminds me of the one into Mud Pond, leaving out the corduroy, though there are a few places better than any there. They say it will be still smoother to-morrow. This is a famous trout and game centre. Your father sighs after the big stories are told, but says it is too far away from home for him. I am going to bring up Mt. Shasta again. We are right under his shadow, nine miles away. In this rarefied air it seems not one. He is a monster, and has been a very violent one, for the whole country round is underlaid with lava thrown out in his ebullitions of rage. The later crater is not at the highest point, but is on a separate cone, a little down and to the left, as we see it from here. The glaciers, of which there are three, lie on the north side and opposite from us. I only wish we could see them. He stands alone and I appreciate *his* height, for he is more than 11,000 feet higher than we are. A boiling spring is on his highest point.

Thursday noon: We are now at Edson's ranch, where we drove in at twelve o'clock for dinner, having come twenty miles from Sisson's. The latter place would have suited you, W. It is a ranch. The house is low and rambling, part of it quite old for this country, having been built about

thirty years. It covers a great deal of ground, and is well furnished, books being quite a feature. The yard is full of roses. The pickets of the fence are ornamented with mountain-sheep horns, deer antlers, etc. It is a San Francisco resort, where summer boarders are taken at \$10 per week! Sisson owns lakes, streams, and camps, some of which are twenty miles away, which he keeps for the use of his guests.

Our^a breakfast was appetizing. *Menu*:—Wild strawberries, cream, oatmeal, a poached egg on toast placed at each plate, veal cutlet, baked potatoes, trout, griddle cakes and warm biscuits. I had thought of you earlier, but when we came to the lumpy cream, I said to your father: "Would not W. enjoy this?" You can imagine that we left this spot reluctantly.

The ride this morning has been devoid of incident. During the first twelve miles we came through shady woods, and the last eight over Shasta Valley, with not a tree to be seen; but the expected and what we had been prepared for came into view as soon as we entered the valley. This spot is circular in shape, bounded on its south-west corner by old Shasta, whose claw-feet stretch out some miles, and Sisson's ranch is on one of his horns; but in that direction the toe ends a few rods west of

the house, and over the other side of the little river older and different strata appear. But to return to our little pocket valley. It looks to me as though it might have been a lake once, which was filled up by lava. At all events, entirely around it are volcanic mountains or hills. All are bare, of cone shape, evenly pointed and smooth, as though laid up by hand, and of various sizes, to the number of one hundred and three. You see, geologists have found this vicinity a paradise for them, and have not left us, who dwell below, ignorant of their marks and figures. We have dined, and shall soon cross this chain of hills. We have seen Mt. Whitney ever since entering the valley, one hundred miles or so away to the north-east, covered with snow. I suspect that we must lose and leave him in his solitude. This ranch is another rich one, judging by what we see. Fifteen workmen sat at table with us. The owners, father and son, are fine-looking men, but they evidently toil with their laborers. The house and surroundings are similar to Sisson's. The men are all of this country, not Irish or Chinese, and look intelligent and happy. They ate in their checked shirts, but the owners slipped on linen coats. All had napkins. The dishes were white French china, and it was as well appointed a table as you ever see in the country. The mother and

daughter-in-law are unembarrassed, self-contained ladies, who interest me much. The same at Sisson's. His daughters wait on the table, but they are as well-dressed, intelligent, self-poised young ladies as you would meet anywhere—able to talk intelligently upon all the topics of the day; and at each of these three ranches standard books and the latest periodicals are a feature in their vine-covered porches and sitting-rooms. I mention this as these are the first opportunities we have had to meet the people of this class, and all the more remarkable when you remember that these are the only habitations for miles and miles on this wild overland route to Oregon, the nearest points of civilization of much account being Sacramento on the one hand and Salem on the other.

Half-past nine o'clock: We had rather a monotonous ride for three hours—nothing but a level plain of sand and sage brush. Mr. M. lost his hat down a well where we stopped to get a drink, we saw a coyote stealing his way into a sheep barn, passed two tramps, and met two teams. At five o'clock we reached Yreka, a mining town of about a thousand inhabitants, and where we had intended to spend the night; but, fearing that we could not reach the cars to-morrow night, we finally concluded to come twelve miles farther and stop at Anderson's.

The road leads over a spur of the Siskiyou Mountains. We had no idea that such an experience was before us. The scenery was as grand as any that we have seen, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, notwithstanding it was towards night and the horses were tired. You can hardly realize what they had to do to drag us up the mountains by the constantly zigzag road. Finally the summit was reached, and we spun down amid the wildest look-outs imaginable. After awhile the driver found that one of the axle-boxes was hot; so the men dismounted, took off the wheel, and fixed that. Then we watched and watched at every bend for Anderson's. You must understand that we were upon the mountain-side, hanging out and overlooking the cañon. Darkness was coming on, and it was with great joy that at last, far down in the valley, we caught sight of his ranch. On we went, full of grateful pleasure—but lo and behold! when we reined up at his door he refused to take us in! What should we do? "Why," said he, "you can get taken care of in Cottonwood, three and a half miles farther on." We saw that he was in one of the moods which we had heard sometimes overtake him, and that there was nothing to do but to drive on. A ferry over the river lay before us. It was eight o'clock, but it was of no use to demur. The

platform on which we launched was large enough for the horses and carriage, with not much room to spare, and I stood on the frail plank with fear and trembling. A rope ferry it was, and proved a safe one, but the river is the Klamath, a wide, deep, clamorous stream, with a very swift current, and it looked rather forbidding.

Safely over, we commenced our up grade again. Of course it was dark enough (half-past nine o'clock) before we arrived at this forlorn spot. We tried two places, and finally were taken in here. This is a log house, I believe; certainly it is a shanty inside. We have had our supper, such as it was, though I think they had about all gone to bed, where I shall shortly be also, if by any means this enormous feather-bed can be managed. We have come fifty-five miles to-day.

Friday morning: We have just had our breakfast (oh, how vile!) and are preparing to start. Last night was a trying one: I did not like the looks of the men around, who are miners. The whole town, as we drove through, looked as though it might be inhabited by banditti. I shall be on the alert till we are well out from here. We must climb twelve miles before coming to the summit of another mountain. Then the same to go down. I forgot to say that, after leaving Yreka, for three

miles we passed through placer mining. There was scarcely a square rod of ground that had not been dug over, and the road was not helped any by it. The troughs were crossing it, and wash-outs from their leaks were frequent, but I had a good opportunity to see the operation of surface mining.

Your father is happy to have crossed the Klamath River, as he says he never expected to see that. How fortunate that we have kept well during this laborious but delightful part of our journey.

Oregon, Saturday morning: We arrived at Ashland last night after a pleasant day's ride, bid adieu to the driver and poor, tired horses, and embarked again upon a sleeper. We rested well, and arose at a quarter-past six for breakfast. We have passed through one beauty of a valley during the night, are now in the Tancolla Valley, and at ten o'clock we come to the Willamette, which we keep, I believe, all the way to Portland. The belt has been reached where it does rain occasionally; indeed, a little shower has fallen during the night, though hardly enough to lay the dust. I am told that in the Willamette Valley it rains all the time. Californians say that, doubtless, out of pure envy. I can see that the character of the vegetation has changed materially. Everything looks fresher, and new shrubs appear on the slopes close by our roadway.

The syringa is beautiful. The cultivated with us is much more sparing in its blossoms. Here the branches are entirely covered with the pure white flowers. One new shrub (mountain spray) is precisely in its bloom like the one your father gave C. at Easter, but the foliage is not glossy like that. It grows from ten to fifteen feet high. Our elder, too, makes a fine show. A wild lily which grows in north California is very beautiful. It is very like our *Lilium candidum*, three and four feet high, and the clusters of flowers are peculiar in that a part of the lilies on the same bunch are pure white and some are a beautiful pink. I counted twelve blossoms on one yesterday, and they were as sweet as they could be. To change the subject. From our observation one thing is a fixed fact: it will do no good to boycott the Chinese till substitutes can be provided to fill their places. No fruit could be raised or picked in California, and no grain could be harvested. The Oregon Division has fully three thousand at work where we passed, and, in fact, the people are absolutely dependent upon them as cooks in hotels and ranches. Where we dined yesterday the lady says she pays her John \$1 a day, but then he does everything which two housewomen would do, even if she could get them, which she cannot. The people hate them in theory and want them

banished, but in practice they employ them and say: "What can we do? We can get no other laborers." They are workers, and I have been amused even while writing this. One is sawing wood. First he greased his saw with a great deal of care, but he has finally put through that log in a way to astonish the Knights of Labor. As we leave the station he smiles upon us a happy good-bye. They are a disgusting set when aggregated. What shall be done with them? I do not wonder at the puzzling situation.

ESMOND HOTEL, PORTLAND, OREGON,

June 27th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

You will think our letters are at times a little infrequent, as it is almost a week since we mailed one, but when you come west of the Rocky Mountains you will find a country of long distances, slow travel and few facilities outside of the cities for mailing letters. Your mother's journal will give you particulars of our trip from San Francisco, which we enjoyed very much, though any one not accustomed to wagon-riding and backwoods fare would have thought it a pretty hard journey. Our first day by rail from San Francisco to Delta was

uncomfortable, on account of the heat, though the last few hours through the mountains, following the Sacramento River, were delightful. We passed through no town of consequence after leaving Red Bluff, and that would hardly be considered of much account. Delta, where we left the cars, is a place of a few houses only, and, as the railroad is extended north, I do not see why anybody should continue to live there. Our stopping-places for the night and for dinners were generally isolated houses, where one man had established a ranch and redeemed a portion of the wilderness. We traveled miles after miles without seeing a house, and often without any signs of humanity, except on the road upon which we were driving. We passed through some flat, poor country, but a good deal of the journey was amidst and over the mountains, some portions of the way as wild and beautiful as any part of the journey into the Yo Semite. At Ashland, where we left our tired horses (and they *were* tired, poor things), we found a pretty, active, busy place, larger than any we had passed through, and there we secured sections in an excellent Pullman, and came on to this place very comfortably, reaching here a little after four o'clock yesterday afternoon. We passed through several nice-looking, small towns after entering the Willamette Valley, which, as our

porter told us, is the garden-spot of Oregon. We found C.'s letter of the 17th and 18th awaiting us here, and news from home—good news at that. It was really refreshing.

It rained here all night and this morning, and it was delightful to see it, as well as to feel the change from the perfectly dry atmosphere which has enveloped us for the past few weeks. The clouds lay on the mountains all day yesterday, and hid the noted peaks of the Cascade Range—the Three Sisters, Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Hood. The last, however, we shall see from our window “when the clouds roll by.”

Your mother joins me in love to you both, and says she must send her leaves unfinished, as she is resting her eye this morning; and I am staying with her and chatting with you instead of going to church. On Tuesday she got a cinder in her eye, which pained her sadly, but which she did not make much fuss about, as she considered it an act of retributive justice for wishing that woman, who kept the window open, to have a hole burned in her dress. It troubled her, however, all through the journey, and this morning, as it did not seem to be much better, we sent for a doctor, who took out a little speck, and now, I trust, she will be all right again. We have two or three trips to make from here—to

Salem, to Astoria and to Puget Sound—before starting for the East. Do you know that we have already traveled 6037 miles, besides carriage drives at various places amounting to nearly 200 miles more? So we have been *busy*, and have had none too much time to rest.

MONDAY MORNING,

June 28th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

At eleven o'clock we bid adieu to Portland for a few days, and started for the North. It is now one o'clock, and we have come only about twelve miles; but there have been a good many stops and switchings to and fro to account for loss of time. The twelve miles out lay alongside of the Willamette River, a handsome stream, in width about like the Hudson, whose waters move slowly and gracefully along. It is navigable for smaller boats as far as Oregon City, and for ocean steamers to Portland, where one of the latter lay as we passed by the wharf. The banks of the river are green and low. Even large trees lose their roots and a part of their trunks in the water, it being very high now. Ox-eye daisies have put in their appearance to-day, thus reminding me of home; so also do the willows by the river-side. My eye is almost well since the

cinder was taken out yesterday. It was a fortunate thing to get to a doctor, for I suffered considerably for four days, though it did not hinder my enjoyment much. We have now crossed the Columbia, into which the Willamette flows, and are in Washington Territory.

Two o'clock: We have left the Columbia already, and are following the Cowlitz, quite a large, deep stream, which empties into the Columbia. Its waters are the brightest of sea green. There are five of us now—Mr. M., Mr. G., who is special agent for the North Pacific States, and a Mr. B., whom we met in the Yo Semite. He is from Chicago. We might as well be alone for all the company Mr. M. and Mr. G. give us, for they prefer the smoking-car. I suppose, however, that they take this opportunity to talk business.

We are passing through a little town—Winlock by name. Perhaps there may be twelve houses—the most important station since dinner. It is a new country, and land is being cleared all around. A flock of prairie-birds have flown up and seated themselves upon a fallen tree, as saucy as need be. A man is stalking along with a gun. I hope he won't find them; they look too pretty to be shot. The timber here, floating down stream, is very large. Your father says that what we

see at home would hardly be merchantable here. This is a Territory where the women vote, do jury duty, etc. In passing through the small town of Centralia, where we stopped a moment, a "Band of Hope," made up of about forty girls and a few boys, was parading. It was a temperance band, and need enough there is for it, I presume; for no matter how small the town is, saloons are the most prominent feature. So, also, in California.

At ten minutes to six we arrived at Tacoma, a town of 6000 inhabitants, situated on a high bluff, which shuts off from view the best part of the town. This is the point where we took the boat, and we have every promise of a pleasant tour through Puget Sound. Thus far it reminds us of the Rangeley Lakes. Night is here.

Boat George E. Starr, Tuesday morning, half-past four: Your father is still in bed, waiting for something worth his while to see. I was told that everything looked grand in the early morning; so I improved the opportunity, in the hope of seeing Mt. Tacoma. Last night I got into the pilot-house for awhile and this morning am here again. We are stopping at Port Ludlow, where there are two large ships taking in lumber. Lumbering, in all its forms, is the principal business. It is very foggy. The boat is making a long stop, and the Captain

is evidently annoyed at my being unable to see the mountains. He has taken me ashore to show me the largest saw-mill on the Pacific coast, as there was nothing else to look at, he said; otherwise I had better go back to bed. The mill is six hundred feet long, has fifteen boilers, is an automatic feeder and has a capacity of a quarter of a million a day. The logs are immense. Some squared are six feet across. Near by is a ship being built. The spars to this one are one hundred feet long, without a knot to be seen. They do get them a hundred and fifty feet. I had a beautiful sunrise view after all, and devoutly hope for a clear day to see the mountains, for, to me, there is not much worth the trouble thus far. I have seen quite as pretty sheets of water nearer home, and so have you. We hope to reach Victoria at eleven o'clock. We passed Seattle last night, and shall stop there on our return.

Fifteen minutes past five o'clock: I have just been with the Captain for a cup of coffee, and upon our return the fog has lifted enough to see Mt. Rainier, or Tacoma. It is 14,500 feet high and seventy-five miles distant, but glorious to behold. The reflection on the snow gives it a pink color, which makes a charming picture. Oh! how we sighed for it yesterday, and now I am first to see it. "The early bird," etc. Mt. Baker, also, has now

come into sight. Your father has just made his appearance, looking pretty glum, for the mountains are clouded in again.

Things improve. At our left we see the Olympic Range, a group by themselves, 8000 feet in height, with snow caps. They have never been prospected. Seen from the sea-level, they look pretty lofty. This is where these mountains about here have the advantage for me.

Half-past seven o'clock: We have had our breakfast. At Port Townsend your father and I went ashore and had quite a walk on the business street. Two gentlemen from New York, whom your father knows, have come into the pilot-house and been introduced, and are making themselves very agreeable. We have just passed Vancouver Bay, the place where Vancouver, in his voyage of discovery, went in to repair his ships.

Half-past seven o'clock P. M.: Victoria was reached as I predicted, at eleven o'clock. We had to show our satchels to the custom-house officer. He did not examine mine, but merely asked if what I had was my usable property, and said: "Go on." Since dinner we have taken a drive about the town, which is a pretty dull place, and I cannot see what people find to do. It has about 10,000 inhabitants. The Governor lives in a very pleasant

place, with ample grounds, and his residence looks commodious. The Government buildings were new two years ago, and to-morrow we mean to go around them before leaving. The houses here are mostly built low; a great many are only one story, with square roofs and balustrades about them somewhere, while nearly all have bay-windows in every conceivable spot, thus giving them a quaint and picturesque appearance. Many train roses all across the front balconies. I cannot tell why, but still there is a lonely look about the whole town. We see nobody around; curtains are drawn down; no one is in the streets; and, although we drove all about, we passed only three ladies. This hotel is as quiet as the grave. I shall be ready to leave Her Majesty's dominions to-morrow at eleven by the clock precisely.

Wednesday: "Sam'l of Posen" is here, and last night we went to see him. The theatre is in the hotel, and is a very pretty one. The play waked us up a little, and now we leave by boat for Seattle.

Thursday afternoon: We embarked at Victoria yesterday at two o'clock P. M., and arrived at Seattle wharf at twelve. The boat lies here till four o'clock in the morning; so we took a state-room last night and did not disturb ourselves till half-past three, when we arose and dressed in time to leave before

the boat should start. It was daylight then, and, there being no conveyance, we footed it to the hotel, took a room, deposited our satchels, and walked a mile to what is called Capitol Hill, to see Mts. Baker and Rainier. The clouds gathered over them before we reached the spot, so we have failed in our endeavors, except during the very few moments that they came into view in the morning the day before yesterday. But I shall never forget them. We reached the hotel again about six o'clock, when I finished out the night by taking a good nap till breakfast. Since then the gentlemen have devoted themselves to business, and I to seeing the town, which contains 10,000 inhabitants and several elegant homes. The most costly one has been sold by the Sheriff, the owner having gone under at the time of the collapse of the "boom," which rose here to such a degree that dealers in real estate became millionaires one month only to be bankrupted the next. At present there is the greatest strife and bitterness between this town and New Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific. The feud is amusing to tourists. Old Tacoma Mountain is owned by neither, but is nearer to the town of Tacoma, and in full sight of it; so the Seattle people will not call it Tacoma, but Mt. Rainier, the original name, while the Tacomaites

insist that it shall be *Tacoma*. The antagonism is shown in every petty way imaginable, and I am not certain, till your father comes in, that we can get out of town to-night, because the *boats* will not run to favor Seattle, and the *cars* at Tacoma will make any arrangement that will keep people from coming here.

We want very much to go to Tacoma to-night, thus saving a whole day, and the run is only two hours. This afternoon we have driven around town a little, and, having read in the morning paper that a minister here had succeeded in raising a bamboo plant, we called to see it, and found an enthusiast in roses. He has ninety-five varieties, and I wish you could see the bouquet he cut me.

Your father has come and says the boat gets in between eight and nine, and leaves at ten; so we have a fine night in prospect. There is such a fight going on that the boat would not touch at all if it were not obliged to bring the mail. I shall watch this struggle with interest. Seattle is right plucky, and, though dreadfully plagued, does not mean to succumb. It has a fine agricultural country to back it up. There is a large tract where the finest and most abundant hops in the country, if not in the world, are raised. In the same section enormous crops of oats and potatoes are produced, and there

are also large quantities of coal mined, for which this is the shipping outlet. Tacoma has a back country that is not worth a dime. The railroad first bought a square mile of poor land, laid out a city, built a large and elegant Gothic hotel, and intended to ruin Seattle. The railroad would have made this latter place the terminus but for the fact that it wanted to buy the property for nothing, so that the corporation could make the money. As they did not succeed in the attempt, they have made themselves a city in the wilderness.

Friday morning: One really disagreeable episode has occurred. Last night the boat started finally at *twelve* o'clock. It rained all night on the roof and kept me awake, and I arose at four o'clock; so you see I got little sleep, though your father did better. As soon as the others were up and dressed we began to think about breakfast. It was more than half a mile up the bluff to Tacoma, and, as it was rainy and muddy, I decided to stay on the boat and have the gentlemen bring my breakfast down; but by good fortune a go-cart of a wagon was at the wharf, which we chartered to take us to the hotel. Arriving there, we found it too early to get breakfast before the train should leave; so we sought a restaurant and fared comfortably. Then there was no conveyance to the depot,

and we had to walk half a mile to the lower depot, dragging all our satchels, etc. It was an uncomfortable job, and we presented a rather ludicrous picture. Our way led through the principal street of the town, and by looking up the cross streets we saw all of Tacoma that we cared for. It is very new, and the streets are not graded yet, though there are some fine buildings. They look as though they were all brought from some place yesterday and dumped upon an unprepared foundation, and might pitch into a gully at the first good breeze. The cars are fairly good, but the road is so rough that I must stop.

ESMOND HOUSE, PORTLAND, OREGON,

July 2d, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We have just returned from Puget Sound, having been as far as Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, which is, I believe, the farthest point from home which we have reached, or shall reach, during our journey. I think your mother enjoyed this part of the trip as little as any thus far. Indeed, it was rather hard and disappointing, as the clouds did not favor us with much in the way of mountain views, and our disappointment in this regard probably interfered with our enjoyment of what we

really saw. The boats on the Sound are not particularly attractive, and some of the stops are at hours exceedingly inconvenient. At Victoria they were rejoicing over the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose first passenger train comes through this week. The terminus is seventy-five miles away from them by boat, and, except in the way of competition with existing lines, the road will not at present benefit them very much.

So my stories are considered at the office "Tales of a Traveler," are they? I wish now I had brought a photograph of the tree with a stage going through it. It is no romance. But I have really seen more wonderful things than I could describe, and more, I fear, than I can digest in the time. They will last me a long while to call up in memory and think of over and over.

PORTLAND, OREGON,

July 6th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

This is Monday morning, and we are on board the steamer Olympian, a fine large boat, built in Villard's flush times, and it corresponds with all the rest of his gigantic enterprises, which in this vicinity are in *statu quo*. We are on an excursion going to Astoria, and we do this to save time, as ordinarily we should be obliged to stay all night.

Yesterday we attended church, and in the evening your father talked a few minutes in behalf of his favorite American Missionary Association, as it was the time for its annual collection. We did not learn whether your father's eloquence conduced to the filling of fat plates. The Congregational church is not large, and is more depleted now than it was a few years ago, when an internal dissension rent the church and many went to Presbyterianism. Portland is a beautiful city. There are many very rich men here, and their dwellings are almost palatial. It is the most desirable town to live in, all things considered, of any that we have seen. It is handsomely laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles. It has a great many shade trees, and cultivated flowers flourish to any extent. The English ivy seems to enjoy its privileges, and must grow like that we hear so much about in England.

We are sorely tried this morning, in that it rains almost whole water, thereby shutting off all distant views. The river (Columbia) is grandly beautiful. It is a good deal wider than the Hudson, and occasionally we glide by islands miles in length. These, as well as the banks, are clothed in the brightest of green, a marked contrast to California, where every tree and shrub is covered with dust, except where washed down by hose and irrigation. We have

passed two settlements since we started, St. Helen and Columbia City, both very small hamlets. All else is wilderness.

The river is attractive also in its waters, which are deep, flowing to-day with a steady, rapid current, of a clear, green color. Then, again, there are many wide streams flowing into it, and up which we can look for some distance. In this, as well as in the fact that the banks are indented with bays and inlets on a large scale, it is unlike any other river to me, and I can imagine that if the weather permitted the mountains to be seen, particularly the prominent peaks of the Cascade and Coast Ranges, its glory would be greatly enhanced. The most important town that we have seen is Kalama, near which point the canneries make their appearance, and stretch all along, at short distances apart, as far as Astoria. Some of these are immense, and their aggregate trade is enormous, thus making the Columbia as celebrated for its fisheries as for its beauty and grandeur.

Astoria, four o'clock: We arrived here about one o'clock, in the midst of a pouring rain, and have just had our lunch. It still continues to pour, and we shall see but little of the town except while going through the principal street, though fortunately it all lies on a slope, with a long line of hill

for a background, so we can see it nearly all the time after we first come in sight on the boat. It has 8000 inhabitants, spread out for the distance of two miles, I should think. There are two or three mansions, which are owned by the salmon kings. The canning of salmon is the only business of the place. As we passed by we stepped into one cannery, went through it, and saw what the process is, although it was not in full operation.

Curious ideas come to me to-day about the changes in this world. How little did I think of ever seeing this place when I studied geography and pointed it out on the map, and bounded Oregon as a part of my lesson! If any one had said I should ever be west of the Rocky Mountains, it would have made me think him crazy; yet here I am, and have seen more wonders than I had ever supposed to exist.

The Columbia is at this place eight miles wide, and broadens still more before it opens into the ocean. We see the mouth from the steamer; but we did not go on to Fort Canby, as it is very rough going over the bar, besides wanting to see more of this, to me, historic town. There is not a stick or stone left of the old Astor fort and trading-house; but one little, mean shed of a restaurant is there, with "Astor House" for its sign. Such is fame!

Eleven o'clock: This has been a day of wearisome travel. This afternoon your father and I went first through the drenching rain to the wharf where we were to wait for the boat to take us home, but found it occupied by the ocean steamer Oregon, which had just come in from San Francisco, and was unloading freight. It was the expectation that she would be ready to steam up and be away before our boat should arrive; but scarcely had we taken seats upon some bags filled with potatoes, when the whistle sounded and we discovered that our boat had gone to another wharf and was awaiting her passengers. So we had to hustle pretty lively, and by good fortune crowded ourselves into a wagon already full, and were hurried to the steamer; but one of our party, in looking us up at the first landing, came as near as could be to getting left. The night is pretty dark and we are going slowly, and shall not in any case reach Portland before twelve o'clock. We learn that it was pretty rough at the mouth of the river, and many were made very sick running up to the fort. Last night five fishermen were lost in the gale. This evening there have been patriotic speeches, singing, and music by the band, but I am getting tired and sleepy. Good-night and pleasant dreams.

Tuesday: It was twelve o'clock when we landed at the dock last night, and one o'clock before we were settled for sleep. This morning your father and Mr. M. rose early and went up to Salem on business. Salem is a place of considerable note, handsomely laid out, and reminds one of an Eastern town; but as I saw it on our way here, I took another nap and am awaiting their return at four P. M. The fog was thick enough to cut when they went, but it soon cleared, and for an hour I had a grand view of Mts. St. Helen's and Hood for the first time since we came, as a part of St. Helen's only had been seen before. That is the worst of seeing mountains, or rather trying to see them. Here were tourists who had delayed ten days for it to be clear, but left yesterday disgusted, and now it has been pleasant for an hour and is again hazy, both mountains having big, mean, old clouds resting on them half their way down. They loom up in the sky over 11,000 feet, and are volcanic. In a book on Oregon, written by Mrs. Victor, and published in 1872, she says that she has witnessed Hood in an active state of eruption. Of the five high volcanic mountains that we have seen, I like Shasta and Rainier best, though scarcely acquainted with the latter. Shasta, which we saw first, and nearer, has two crater tops, and I finally saw its glaciers from

one point. Baker has a jagged top, on account of the crater falling in about twenty years ago. Rainier runs symmetrically to a sharp point from whatever direction it is seen. St. Helen's is a perfect dome, though it has frequently, since the settlement of the country, thrown out ashes and steam, and once by its ashes obscured the daylight to the distance of one hundred miles. So says Mrs. Victor. Of Hood we shall see more when going up the river.

Wednesday afternoon: I have had a busy day repacking for another start. It really seems now as though our faces will be turned homeward. I am afraid Portland would not suit me after all to live in, though the climate, in winter especially, must be delightful so far as moderate cold is concerned; but then in that season it rains nearly all the time, and after about the first of July the forest fires and fogs set in, and till the wet season puts the fires out the smoke is so thick that sometimes one cannot see across the streets, and the sun is at that time only visible as we see it through smoked glass. Of course, I only know what is told me; but Mr. H.'s nephew, or grand-nephew, who lives here, and who is coming to take us to ride at four o'clock, said all that this morning. However, I cannot vouch for his veracity.

It is time for me to get ready to go. I do not have a minute to call my own. All the leisure there is for writing is in the cars, and then the jolting is such that I presume you cannot read the result.

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER,
Steamer Bonita,

Thursday Morning, July 8th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We awoke this morning to find it raining. It is too bad, but there is a great deal to see in this pilot-house, with an affable Captain to tell us all the points. We have come down the Willamette twelve miles, to where it empties into the Columbia, and have just turned the *corner*, and are headed up the Columbia. Of course, all is new to us. This river continues to impress me as different from any large one I have ever seen. The banks thus far being low and green, while the trees are not very large or tall, we see a long way into the background. For some unexplained reason the river seems raised, and it appears almost as though we were gliding through mid-air. If it were clear, the Coast and Cascade Ranges on either side would add greatly to the view.

We have now arrived at Vancouver, W. T., which was once the old Hudson's Bay Company's station before the United States got hold of the Territory. The town is very pretty, with 3000 inhabitants, and has an army post of 1400 men. Back of it for miles is a regular prairie country, the products of which give it quite a trade.

Half-past ten: After a run of twenty miles from Vancouver, we are at the landing at La Camas, a little nestling town, with a paper mill as its incentive, and where the Captain and Purser have had a pretty warm altercation of words respecting their duties.

Ten minutes to eleven: Here is another settlement of perhaps a dozen houses, where green meadows lie between it and the river. The Captain ran the nose of the boat on the bank and let off five passengers and the mail. The weather has improved since we were at Vancouver, the clouds breaking considerably, but now we seem to be approaching a sharp bend and gorge, where the rain is falling in torrents.

The gorge has proved to be the entrance to the pass through the Cascade Mountains, some forty miles in length. At the left is Rooster Rock, a curious formation, which rises perpendicularly out of the river some two hundred feet. And

now the mountain scenery begins, the clouds having raised for fine near views. There are high bluffs on either side. On the left hand there is one 200 feet high, which slopes enough for us to see the cultivated country all along its ridge. As we look ahead now, the river narrows, and the ends of the gigantic promontories, running down to the water, one after another, in the most grotesque and fanciful forms, as far as the eye can reach, present a wonderful panorama. What it would be with the distant mountains additional is hard to imagine.

We have rounded Cape Horn, the abrupt ending of a huge promontory of basaltic rock, jutting towards us, and a reminder of the flint rocks in Kineo Bay. The boat runs close to the base, giving us a grand upward look. At the end, as we pass, one huge rock stands out alone, having all the appearance of a petrified tree, about 300 feet high, and cut square off at the top. The seams and knots in the bark are a perfect imitation. Opposite, on the other cliff, are the Bridal-Veil Falls, a beautiful sheet, 180 feet high, while between the two cliffs stands Lone Rock, like a huge needle rising out of the water. Below Cape Horn are several evenly-rounded cones, at equal distances apart, in appearance broken perpendicularly in two, and

almost black in color, with a smooth, flat surface presented to us, as though the half had fallen into the water, while the farther side curves against the deepest of green background. On the right hand, or Oregon side, three water-falls are now before me. The largest is the celebrated Multnomah, falling 800 feet between rocks towering 2000 feet above; the other two are fully as high, but more sparing of water. The cliffs in this gorge are very different from any that I have seen of equal height, in that the perpendicular sides, from base up, are covered with verdure, except where portions of rock crop out. It seems to be composed of low, green bushes and creeping vines, all interspersed with yellow moss, as seen by the aid of the glass; but to the naked eye the green is brilliant, the rocks purplish red, the vines variegated, and all resting on a beautiful carpet of golden brown. The cañons and water-falls are innumerable. The sun has come out and gilds the mountain-tops and lights up the ravines as we pass. Your father has gone to dinner, but I cannot stop looking, and shall fast. Thanks to the intricate channel, we go slowly. Here is Castle Rock at my left, alone, 1000 feet high, on the top of which are imaginary towers, bastions, etc. You can have no idea of the oft-repeated cañons and gorges that cut and shape the loftiest peaks into

pyramids, cones, cathedrals and other forms, hundreds and thousands of feet high. We have now come from the sublime to the ridiculous, for at the foot of one of these wild and beautiful slopes stands a *cannery*; and sitting in the pilot-house I look in and see piles of salmon ready for the knife and can. Sacrilege indeed. Here, too, is the inevitable Chinaman that the people cannot do without. While we stop the salmon are jumping right lively all about us. One has popped his head and tail out of water, greatly to your father's delight.

Twenty minutes to two o'clock: After twenty miles, or about half way through the notch, we took the cars, and are passing around the Cascade Rapids, a distance of six miles or so, when we shall again take the boat. The rapids are not much like those of Niagara; still they are very respectable, and, in fact, for a short distance resemble the quieter part of them. There are also many islands and rocks strewed around.

Where we take the boat the river makes a sharp turn and widens into lake shape, amid a circle of low cliffs, and at this bend, on a low hill, commanding the pass between the navigable waters above and below the Cascades, stands the old block-house where General Sheridan won his laurels in fighting Indians, when he was a lieutenant. The

Government has commenced a series of locks through which to pass boats around the cascades.

Half-past two o'clock: Here again in the pilot-house; a great favor, you may rest assured, for in this way I learn about the country and points of interest. How did I get here? Up a ladder of iron, placed straight against the side of the boat; not so very high though. The weather has changed, and the sun-pictures are well worth looking at, as the shadowy clouds flit from crag to peak and play their phantasies on the slopes. The rapid current plays its part, too, and dashes along so that the white-capped waves dance and glisten in the sun. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has its track by the side of the river, close under the mountain, which seems a desecration.

Later: If this were not a river I should be a trifle scared; the water is so rough. Many a time on Lake Winnipiseogee, where it was no wider, I have had the fidgets. We have stopped at what is called a water-flume, in which lumber slides down to the river. It runs circuitously round the mountain, where a stream is tapped for the water. On the top of the plateau are a saw-mill and several houses. The height, perpendicularly, seems to me to be about 200 feet, and a chute, or dry flume, I judged to be 300 feet long. Your father guessed

pretty nearly. It is 1200 feet to the top of the plateau, and the chute is 2000 feet long! When a plank comes down into the water it sends the spray up finely.

Near the foot of this flume a lone rock stands in the river, with a hut, or wigwam, on it, the rock being a burial-spot for Indians, though there is not much use for it now. There is another, the Captain says, at The Dalles. The Indians wrap the bodies and put them there. I wonder if the poor creatures think that this is the only way to preserve their *bones* from encroachments?

Five o'clock: The formation and color of the rocks have changed materially during the last two hours. The country bordering on the river is flatter, and occasionally we see cattle ranges among the hills.

We are coming to a promontory of rock jutting far out into the river; in fact, it is an island, and proves to be the Indian burial-spot referred to before, near The Dalles. It has on it, besides a good many Indian boxes, a white marble monument, erected on masonry, which marks the spot where a white man is buried, at his own request, with the Indians. He died in California. He was a member of the Legislature, and probably had money enough to enable his strange freak to be

carried out. Perhaps he could not have selected a better place to perpetuate his name and fame, for it can be seen (the monument) far and near, up and down the river, and by every passenger on the trains as they pass on the opposite side. The Klikitat River has rushed in through a narrow ravine. At the mouth the walls are as symmetrical as though laid by the most accomplished artisan. The rocks which we are now passing are precipitous, bare, rugged, ugly and battlemented, if you can imagine what all that means. They rise tier above tier, and frown down from their giddy height as though they would delight in swamping us. A Hand restrains them as powerful as that which made them, and great and marvelous are His works. One can scarcely behold such a wonderful display of mighty power as we have seen to-day without a feeling of insignificance amounting almost to nothingness.

And now we approach the end of our trip on the Columbia. Ever a delightful memory. I can hardly keep back the tears as I reflect that it is a joy never to be repeated, but stands only as another episode in this far-away land of my early imagination.

The Dalles, waiting for the cars: I have only time to say good-night, as your father is going to mail this. At nine o'clock we take a sleeper till the day after to-morrow.

UMATILLA HOUSE, THE DALLES, OREGON,
July 8th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We are waiting here for the train, the boat by which we came up the river giving us a three hours' stop at this point, and I have suggested to your mother that she forward her day's letter and take a fresh start, as it will be some little time before we shall be ready to write again.

We have enjoyed our day immensely, as you can judge from your mother's notes. It is hard to realize where we are, on the Columbia River, which in my boyhood was almost a mythical stream, hardly more to be seen and known than the Styx. At nine o'clock this evening we take our Pullman again, and keep on the go until Saturday night finds us at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we have decided to spend Sunday, instead of stopping at Livingston.



WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

Friday, July 9th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We have had an eventful morning. Last night, after taking the cars, your father and I stood on the platform for some time watching the river as it swerved through The Dalles. I do not know what the word *Dalles* means, but the waters wind around, and in and out among walls of rock, formed much like the paths that are in an artificial maze, in one of which I was lost at Del Monte, Monterey, till Mr. S. helped me out. The river through here is very narrow, say eighty feet wide, consequently it is very deep, and as it plunges, and rears, and foams, in order to get through these channels of rocks, it is a sight well worth trouble to behold. The moonlight favored us. After we retired we watched for a long time from our berths to see the river widen again, but after we *were* asleep we knew little that was going on, until at Wallula Junction Mr. M. left us for good. About that time I was awake, and saw a shadow passing. I peeped out and saw a man poking his head into the opposite berth; then he went to your father's, and then came to mine. When he had gotten the curtains parted, I said: "What do you want?" He replied: "Oh! I thought I heard you call, lady." "Well, you

didn't," said I, whereupon he subsided. Of course there was no more sleep for me till daylight. When at last I did lose myself I was awakened by the cry: "All hands up and ready for transfer." As soon as possible we dressed, and were informed that the transfer meant a half-mile walk over the miserable prairie around a trestle bridge, a part of which had been burnt down last night. I immediately said: "Porter, won't you take my satchel?" This raised a laugh, and he said: "Yes, yes, yes." However, we all got around without much trouble, as there were men on hand to take the baggage. But we have been detained four hours, and we do not yet know what effect this will have as to our arrival at Mammoth Hot Springs. The country that we are going over is a most uninteresting, rolling, humpy prairie desert, with not a tree, shrub or blade of grass to be seen. The less attention given to it the better.

When we were on our famous ride from the geysers, Charley Foss reined up at a winery and treated his passengers. Your father, at my request, bought a bottle in case of need, and has carried it in our wanderings ever since. Just now I asked him to open it, and feel slightly refreshed.

• Ten o'clock: Five hours late, and still standing at Palouse Junction.

Twelve o'clock: On, on, still on through the same monotonous, barren country. The ground is more undulating, and we are evidently on an ascending grade. Nothing breaks the surface but basaltic rocks cropping out, some crumbling and leaving vertical formations exposed to view. There are also patches of scoria, but all else seems to be alkaline dust. Indeed, the geologists say that all, or the greater part, of the ashes and scoria from the volcanic Cascades was thrown upon the east side of the mountains, and that for miles and miles the lakes and ravines were filled up with them. Certainly we have had evidence enough that there has been a terrible boil and overflow at some time.

Half-past three: We passed into Idaho a few moments since. For two hours we have been climbing, and the country has improved somewhat. First pines appeared, then cultivated pockets, and latterly a few cattle ranches; but eastern Washington Territory is rather a forlorn tract. The Cœur d'Alene Mountains are at our right, and that fact gives us some hope of a happy change. I believe we just graze the northern part of Idaho, and that only for a run of about four hours. All volcanic formations disappeared before we left Washington Territory, and as we proceed the soil grows richer and richer; finely-farmed land and

meadows are on every side, with plenty of fine timber—and what do you think? Golden rod is nodding her plumes at me from the road-side—welcome harbinger of fraternal love from the East!

Cocolalla Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear water, is at the left, coming close up to the track. It is bordered by a fringe of pines—an oasis in this land to-day.

A half hour later: We are stopping at the Pend d'Oreille station, and have come upon a lake of the same name, about as large as the lower Wilson, and which reminds me of it, surrounded as it is with the same purple mountains, two of which are tipped a little with snow. A trestle bridge a mile long, which we have crossed, divides this from a sister lake on the left.

Later: We have nearly circled the lake, which is much larger than it at first appeared, and is one of the handsomest I have ever seen, with its islands, its variety of mountains, its green and mossy banks, and its clear, blue waters, to which the reflections lend a charm so fascinating that the eye wearies. We are now following Clarke's Fork. Lewis's and Clarke's Forks are what I traced in school, and I remember that once I went to the head of my class for giving a description of their rise, direction and final leap into the Columbia. The Pend d'Oreille Lake

is forty miles long, and resembles Lake George in many respects, but the mountains are much more unique in form and are loftier; the near foliage is of vivid green, while the distant promontories and peaks are of the deepest blue and softest violet. This lake, as I have said, ranks in my mind second to none that I have ever seen. We have followed Clarke's Fork forty miles. If this river were at the East it would be a tourists' paradise. Here it flows through a wild region, opened up only by the railroad. The color of the water is bright green, like the Niagara below the falls, and for several miles it runs between banks as precipitous and deep as that, while on the other side from our lookout, close by the brink all the way, there rise terraces of table-lands one after another, level and smooth, with velvety grass, interspersed with trees, which look as though they were planted. Truly, nature vies with art, or rather, art copies nature.

Then the changes in this river are great. Sometimes it winds through the greenest of meadows; then again it dashes in wonderful rapids over rocks and down ravines. This afternoon's ride by Pend d'Oreille Lake and along the river has been one of the most charming bits of travel in our whole journey. Night has come. Adieu to thy charms, and again adieu.

Saturday morning: Your father and I left our window-curtains up last night, that we might look out in the moonlight if awake—he keeping his spectacles on. But we slept like logs most of the time, and find ourselves, since breakfast, at Helena, where we are taking in water, etc. This town is the largest in Montana, and, though a mile away from the depot, it looks dreadfully hot. It is a mining town, and I think the last place for me to live in. We have come over the Rockies since we were up, and, with one exception of a few miles, it was no great exploit. The road wound around and zigzagged considerably, but we have seen too much to be surprised at trifles, and I expect to be dreadfully disappointed in the Yellowstone. This is a grazing land among the hills, as I call them. I never saw as many sheep in my life as just now on this table-land. The train was stopped by a flock of some hundreds, which, as they scampered at the shrieks of the whistle, kicked up a dust to be seen for miles. Ever since coming into Idaho the wild flowers have been luxuriant and many familiar, *but I cannot get them.*

Ten o'clock: A little river, which we have followed since leaving Helena, proves to be the upper Missouri, and the very green, fertile valley is the Missouri Valley. In the distance are lofty,

snow-capped mountains. The stream is crooked, and we go with it at present, then lose it for awhile, and catch it again at Bismarck. This level plain has the appearance of once having been a sea, and is surrounded by volcanic hills, not unlike those around Shasta Valley, about which I wrote. The prickly pear has appeared again, which, of course, indicates more sterile soil. You may know what I did not, that geologists hold that the ocean was once in here, and that through contraction the earth-crust burst and threw up the Rockies, inclosing a great deal of salt water, which in course of time became fresh; after *millions* of ages or so there was another upheaval, and out came the Cascade Range; then another rest, and the Coast Range was spurted up; but even *I* cannot remember back quite so far. I *can* look out and see a flock of ducks on the river, which would make your eyes glitter, and that is just as well. One thing is pleasant: the water is clear. The Missouri has a good beginning, but, like many a life, is destined to become unclean, discolored and turbulent by the elements which it absorbs.

Half-past eleven: We have had a frightful accident, and are pinioned probably for hours. All of a sudden the air-brake was put on, which gave a shock, but before one could speak a crash followed,

which we all understood. One man, who was at my side in the aisle, was thrown down, and we were all unseated. It proved to be a collision between our train and a freight train. The freight train seems in fault. We were at our usual rate, going around a moderate curve. The freight had stopped for water, but had sent back no signal. Our engineer and two men in the engine, after putting on the brake, jumped and escaped with slight harm. Our engine smashed into the caboose and broke it into splinters, injuring one man, perhaps fatally. Another car was thrown off the bank, and our smoke-stack lies in the ditch. Fortunately there was a surgeon along with a case of instruments, but he had no anæsthetics, and there are none on board. The groans of the poor man are agonizing to hear. We must send to Bozeman for help. All are composed and think nothing of the *delay*, except one woman who acts like an idiot. She has the section opposite me, and keeps up a constant clack of silly nonsense about the loss of time! I do not know how we shall fare for food, for, as I passed through the dining-car, the eatables, crockery, etc., were all over the floor. A merciful Father has again protected *us* from harm.

Quarter-past one: In an almost incredibly short space of time we are off. The freight engine first

got its own train aside; then the men attached to it ropes, which in turn were fastened to the *débris*, and, by backing and pushing to and fro, it was pulled away so that our engine could run off; then the freight engine was hitched on, and thus we go to the next station, carrying with us the poor, wounded man, who is so mangled that he might better have been killed.

Half-past three o'clock: It is quite uncertain when we shall arrive at Livingston. If too late to go on to Cinnabar, and thence by stage six miles to Mammoth Hot Springs, we shall spend Sunday at Livingston. In either case I shall mail these leaves at Livingston, for I dare say there will be little opportunity for writing when in the Park. We shall never know the fate of the poor fellow we left at Bozeman, but I feel a good deal stirred, and his groans and cries still ring in my ears. It seems that, being on a curve, our engine struck at an angle, which partly warded off the caboose and car. Had we struck square, the danger from the cars mounting our engine would have been far greater for us. So say the men.



Saturday Afternoon.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your mother has told the story of our day's journeying so fully that I need add nothing. Still, I want to send a word of my own. God has indeed been good to us again; and, though some of our fellow-passengers are grumbling at the delay, *we* feel only too thankful for our preservation. The cook in the dining-car was swearing fearfully because the dinner that he had prepared was destroyed by the crash, and he had to cook it all over again. We have had less barren country to pass through on this route, and, though not as wild as on the Denver and Rio Grande Road, the scenery mostly has been beautiful and attractive. Your mother lost her felt hat to-day on the platform; so I have lent her my gray fishing hat, which I was wearing, and am confining myself to my cap, and if I had not caught it she would have lost the second hat.

We are now something like two and a half hours late, and though from all we can learn Livingston is not a specially inviting place to spend Sunday, we may stay there as the least of two evils. We are looking forward with great anticipations to our trip through the Park, and, indeed, to all the rest of our journey home.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS,

Sunday Afternoon, July 11th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

After the full and frequent letters sent you in the past few days you will hardly expect much now, but as we go into the wilderness to-morrow, where opportunities of writing and mailing letters may not present themselves, I will have one more little chat with you before we start.

We were very glad that we decided not to stop at Livingston, which is by no means attractive in appearance, for we find ourselves very comfortable here in the hotel, about which Rufus Hatch made so much fuss four or five years ago. It is not yet finished, but in present hands it bids fair to be, and is really very well kept. We arrived here about nine o'clock in the evening; but you would be surprised at the length of the days in this latitude. Daylight begins about half-past three and continues till half-past nine. Very convenient, isn't it, when one really wants to make a long day? You may be sure, however, that we did not get up to see the sun rise this morning. We had a hard day yesterday, with the continuous travel, the long delay, and the excitement of the collision, of which we wrote you, and have been resting to-day.

We are going around the Park in a carriage *by ourselves*, with a driver, so that we can take in all the sights in our own way, and are anticipating a great deal of pleasure in it.

We have no "church-going bell" here to remind us that it is the Lord's Day, and no services in the house. Sunday is not absolutely a forgotten day "out West," but comparatively few pay much attention to it, and fewer still think of stopping in a journey on account of it, and, though we have usually been where church was accessible, I really long for a *home* Sunday.

Your mother says: "Tell them that I am enjoying baths direct from the Mammoth Hot Springs—one last night and another this morning, and after the fatigue and dust of travel they are really refreshing."

YELLOWSTONE PARK, NORRIS GEYSER BASIN,

Monday Noon, July 12th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

I have but a moment at this spot. It is distant twenty-two miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which we left at half-past seven this morning. We have just had our dinner and are awaiting the horses. Last night we walked over the deposit

made by the residuum of the water of the Mammoth Hot Springs. It covers a great many acres, and layer after layer has accumulated, until an elevation of several hundred feet has been reached. When the waters first boil out they flow around, very thin and clear, but under the water beautiful formations appear in the most intense coloring of orange, pink and green. One longs to reach down and bring up some of the beautiful crystallizations, but it is not allowed, and, besides, while under the water many of them are soft, and crumble when brought to the surface; but where the water flows over the incrustations which it has formed, and they have become hardened, the greatest variety of grotesque forms appear in the castellated walls which you see everywhere around, pile upon pile, layer upon layer. The colors, however, are not retained in their brilliancy any length of time. We are told that exposure to the sun fades them; still there are fresh formations enough to keep them radiant for tourists. As we have come along, boiling springs by the road-side and vapor arising from the mountain-slopes have ceased to be a novelty. Some of the pools are clear, of a deep green, and some are blue, while two were boiling up the color and thickness of a lime-pit where workmen slack their lime for building. It is indeed a wonderland.

We passed through the Golden Gate a few miles after our start. It is fine, but not much like the gate-way to the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. (Your father likes it better.) However, there are some good specimens of colored rocks as we pass along the little cañon, and one superb water-fall. Farther on we came to Electric Mountain and Sepulchre Mountain, and still farther at our left were the Obsidian Cliffs, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, the melted glass of which they are composed sparkling in the sun, while opposite is Beaver Lake, with patches of grass and flowers, intermingled with beaver dams, which present a charming kaleidoscopic picture seldom seen.

Then the beautiful Lake of the Woods appeared, whose waters are as transparent as glass, and of such a vivid green hue that the reflections in it of the pines upon the opposite mountain are so much greener in color that the originals look faded and yellow. We go on eighteen miles more for the night, and I must stop. You cannot say that I do not improve my opportunities for talking with you.

Lower Geyser Basin Hotel, quarter-past eight o'clock: We have had our supper and are resting and cooling off on the piazza. It has been a very hot day, but we came quite comfortably. Shortly after leaving the hotel this noon we came

upon the basin, which occupies a large space, perhaps a mile square. The road traverses it, and on our way we crossed to the right and left, amid bubbling springs and a terrific roar.

"Old Constant" sends up a stream fifteen or twenty feet high about twice a minute. "Monarch" is very aristocratic, and only puts on his full head every night. We got out and paid him a visit, and all the attention he gave us was a continuous roar, with a puff every now and then of scalding steam. His basin and crater are the handsomest thus far, the walls and rocks around being of variegated colors and of mixed formations. Then "Old Growler" did nothing but snap and growl out of its big, bulldog mouth. "Steamboat" is so named because of its exact imitation of letting off steam. As we rode along, far and near we could see remains of old springs, as well as those in action, and our road nearly all the way was made over their *débris*. The Gibbon Cañon is truly wild and romantic, with its Gibbon River winding at one side; then, as we ascend, it is hundreds of feet below us. The Gibbon Falls are on our way, which your father walked part of the way down the mountain to see, while I admired the ravine sitting in the wagon on the brink.

Tuesday noon: This morning we started out for this place, Upper Geyser Basin, knowing that there

were many points to see in the distance of ten miles. After a half-hour's ride we came to Lower Geyser Basin, a mile or two from the hotel, passing through one of the loveliest of meadows, filled with flowers of many varieties and hues, among which were fringed gentians in such abundant patches as to look like islands of blue water in the far-off velvety grass. Adjoining this beautiful spot, which is several miles in circumference, and surrounded by hills of pines, is the basin, throughout which are scattered in every direction the springs, some of which are only boiling, while one or two are throwing up jets some twelve feet high. I may as well tell as I can, which is but poorly, what these immense basins are; and what answers for one describes all. They cover from acres in extent to several miles, and look like snow as we approach them, on account of the incrustations from the overflowing water sediment, which are as hard as rocks. We drive on and over them, to and fro—sometimes, I must admit, with some degree of timidity, for the crust sounds hollow to the tread, and all about are the springs and air-holes belching out their muffled roar and steam. Some are horrible to look at; others beautiful beyond description. The "Paint Pot" is a wonder. It is one hundred and fifty feet long. About two-thirds of it is a boiling white mass in a caldron;

the walls, perhaps, four feet high. This seething, bubbling matter is about the consistency of mush, and as it boils up all over the surface it spatters and spits as that does. The other third has a dozen or more kettles going, but those are a lovely terracotta color, as near as possible to that on our sitting-room ceiling. There is one feature that is very pretty: the water of the clear springs *is* as clear as crystal. Yet when you look into their depths the color is intense blue or green, but so transparent that you see the exact shape of their walls. Thus one is called "Morning Glory," the lining being the exact shape of that flower, in white, while the water is the color of the bell. "Prismatic Lake" I will mention at the risk of wearying you with my very imperfect descriptions. It has an area of nearly two acres. The water is blue, but the strata under it are composed of brightly variegated formations. The water is of unequal depth, and the colors vary in accordance with those of the deposit beneath, except where it is blue, thus giving all the shades of the rainbow. Then, hanging over the whole surface, there is vapor, ever changing in the sun, but not thick enough to obscure in the least the beautiful waters underneath.

"Hell's Half Acre" is a civilized name, is it not, for one of Uncle Sam's domains? Yet it does not

seem inappropriate, if all we have read of that place be true; for if the *cover* of one or two miles that we visited, or rather came over, were lifted, I think we might see much that is described of that horrible pit.

And now we are in the midst of the geysers proper, where they roar and shoot up into the air all the way from ten to one hundred and fifty feet. They all do not "go" continuously; I believe not any of them but "Old Constant." Still, "Old Faithful" does pretty well, letting off regularly once an hour. Some play two or three times a day, others twice a month, and so on. "Old Faithful" is in front of my window, and has spouted twice to an immense height since we arrived, and with a large volume. "The Lion's Cub" has also been lively, and your father and I are going to give up the rest of the day to witness the performances.

Later: Have seen "Old Grand" and "Splendid" go off. They throw up rockets from one hundred to two hundred feet. Your father came pretty near getting a good scald as he peered into the throat of "Old Faithful," and at one time I tripped rather lively over the geyserite surface and pools, lest the boiling water should overtake me.

Wednesday morning: I have been up an hour, but your father is now dressing. The mosquitoes bothered me so that I was glad to rise and fight

them standing; however, we hear that they are much worse at the Falls, where we go to-morrow.

Last night, after the sun went down, the Deputy Superintendent took us over to "Specimen Lake," which is guarded with great care, lest any of the beautiful formations which are in process of hardening (and those that are hardened, for that matter) should be disturbed or taken away. Laws are awfully strict. I suppose there would not be much left perfect in form if everybody felt as I do, and there were no restrictions. The Superintendent gave us one or two specimens to *look at, which we did not return*. But they do not give any idea of the coloring; neither can paint portray nor pen describe it.

Night: At half-past two we left the Upper Basin and came back again to the Lower Basin, whence we start early to-morrow for the Falls and Cañon of the Yellowstone.

Thursday, seven o'clock: Up, breakfasted, and ready to go. Last night we had an uncommon event in our favor in this latitude, in the shape of a powerful shower, which has laid the dust nicely. That is the scourge of traveling in all this country, for the earth is mostly made up of lava and scoria, which, when it is ground, is ashes. We anticipate a delightful drive. Nearly all whom we see are

growling at their discomforts, and are disappointed that the geysers are not in *constant* activity; but some people are born so.

Yellowstone Falls: We arrived here at half-past two o'clock, Thursday, after a charming ride. Our road was a meandering one, as you will see when I tell you that we forded the east fork of Fire-Hole River five times, Willow Creek once, Trout Creek once, Alum Creek twice, and, deepest of all, a bayou of the Yellowstone once. At one crossing we gathered ourselves up on the seat and raised all the luggage, expecting the water to come up into the wagon, but we went through high and dry. I used to be afraid of such doings, but it does no good here; nobody pays the least attention to groans and sighs. We had three miles of pretty rough road, as much so as any I ever encountered, in coming over the mountain; then for sixteen miles we drove over the loveliest plateau imaginable, at the height of nearly 8000 feet.

The Teton Mountains came into view at our right, with their glaciers glittering in the sun, 13,691 feet high, but they did not seem so dreadful, as we were at such an altitude ourselves; the same may be said of Mt. Washburn at the left. One would not expect to find such a green landscape, covered with flowers of every hue; but so it is.

Your father is in high glee to-night. I think, if convenient, he would prefer another room in an upper loft, but as we are in a one-story sort of barracks, he is obliged to suppress his airs in that direction. It came about in this way: We were riding along, Darby and Joan, when your father called out: "There is an elk!" Sure enough, there proved to be four of them in a little clump of trees. They hardly knew which way to turn, but, after some deliberation, made up their minds to trot across the road, right in front of us, when they scampered for the nearest woods. We were a good deal excited, and your father reminded me often enough that *he* was the one to see them *first*; but soon his usual politeness got the better of him, and he kindly remarked that what was *his* luck was *my* luck; so I forgave him, and told him it was all owing to the horseshoe that *he* found yesterday. But judge of my surprise when farther on he called out: "See! there is an antelope!" And surely, right before us on the side hill stood a large and beautiful one, apparently viewing us with wonder and curiosity. We stopped and looked at him. When we moved towards him he cantered across the road before us to another hill, then halted and looked again, and repeated his performances till we turned the bend. This time your father said

not a word about my sharing his luck, or any other fortune belonging to him; in fact, he is so puffed up that I am afraid I shall be left to forage for myself. We afterward saw two more elk splashing in the water some distance off, but the driver made *them* out first; all the worse for me. This is the first game any party has seen in the Park this season.

We tarried a few minutes on our way to look at Sulphur Mountain and Sulphur Spring. The mountain, which is one hundred and fifty feet high, is not all sulphur, but solid sulphur abounds in it, and crops out all around its side and base.

This afternoon we rode horseback on the trail four and a half miles up the cañon, to see the greatest wonder in the world of its kind. It is indescribable, and I will not attempt to do what has never been done with any degree of success. I immediately selected the point of observation in Moran's great picture, and the coloring in that is as true to nature as art can ever be, and not at all exaggerated; but oh! how small and weak a thing a picture is to portray this marvelous work of God! The river, trembling and foaming 1800 feet below us, looks almost like a thread. I venture to say that the falls are, next to Niagara, the grandest in this country, and as their roar is heard in the silence of the evening, I can almost imagine myself transported

there. But there is only one Yellowstone Cañon in the world, and I worship at its shrine.

Friday, 7.15 P. M.: I sit bolstered up on the bed to talk a little with my loved ones. The conversation will be short, for two reasons: It will soon be dark in our six-by-nine room, with a single window, for one thing, and, in addition, I am very tired. Perhaps your father and I did a foolish thing to-day, but we have been on the top of Mt. Washburn, twelve miles distant, by horse trail. I had not been on a horse for twenty years till yesterday, but found that I had not forgotten all my past knowledge, and after a deal of consideration we set out. I was reminded more than once of Dr. T.'s remark to me: "There is no fool like an old fool." Still, I am rested enough to feel glad that we went, for your father wanted very much to go, and, though he is pretty stiff, we both shall be all right with rest and sleep. We saw on the way a wonderful floral display for a distance of six miles. The meadows and mountain-sides were a mass of flowers. I shall remember to tell you what some of them were and of their various colors. I counted fifty-nine varieties, aside from different shades of the same, of which there were in many instances a dozen, as in the geraniums. There is nothing to be seen in this belt but

trees, grass (as green as in early spring with us), and this great multitude of flowers, as thick as they could stand; not coarse ones, either. Columbines—white, pink, terra cotta, salmon and yellow. Forget-me-nots in patches, two feet high—pale pink, intense blue and pale blue, their plumed heads weighted down with their clusters, and so on. That sight alone was worth all the weariness and trouble. We cannot account for this display in such a latitude and at a height of over 9000 feet. At the summit we were 10,346 feet high, and I will not attempt to describe the wealth of landscape in our view as we stood entranced. The whole Park was visible, a wonderful panorama, while beyond, in all directions, the rugged, lofty mountains, with their picturesque and snow-capped peaks presented an outline of magnificence and beauty unsurpassed. Yellowstone Lake lay spread out before us, 7,788 feet higher than the sea. "It is said that if Mt. Washington were sunk in the lake, with its base at the level of the sea, its summit would be nearly half a mile below the surface of the lake." I quote this not to disparage Mt. Washington, for *that* looks what it is—an awfully grand mountain, *seen from its base*. Mt. Washburn is a rather nice mountain, notwithstanding the infliction of its *name*. It has a perpetual

glacier, and I walked on the edge of it! But adieu to it, and to you for to-night.

Saturday night: After a ride of thirty-four miles we find ourselves back again at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which we left Monday. Our morning's ride was about the worst I ever experienced. We came over nine miles of new road—twelve for that matter, but nine of them were through a primeval forest. The road was commenced the middle of last May, and not a stump has been taken out, and they were pretty high ones, too. That fact, with the addition of stones, and deep ruts, and corduroy, gave us all we wanted in the way of exercise. However, we feel well repaid for all the labor and exertion, and it is for a life-time, since probably we shall never have another opportunity to see the wonders in this part of our own land. I must stop now and creep into my nest.

Sunday: Your letters did us a world of good last night. Till you have been going and going, farther and farther away from every one you love or who cares for you, not knowing what may at any moment befall those left behind or those traveling, you cannot realize the joy and haste with which we read, and the relief which good news brings.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS,

Sunday Afternoon, July 18th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN :

Here we are once more, where we were a week ago, and now it seems really like going home, as each move takes us nearer, and there is no more diverging from our direct, homeward course.

Your mother has told you all about our trip through the Park, but a great deal of what we have seen is indescribable. After one has become somewhat familiar with grand scenery, and has heard and read the enthusiastic descriptions of the Park, first impressions are likely to be disappointing, for there is much dull, uninteresting travel, as might be expected in so large a territory; but no one with any sense of the beautiful, the grand or the wonderful can leave without feeling, if not saying: "The half has not been told me." The innumerable hot springs, with their peculiar colorings and formations; the many geysers throwing their fountains of hot water from thirty to two hundred feet high; the mountains, with their snow-crowned heads, surrounding the basin which forms the Park; the beautiful streams and cascades; the many gorges and cañons; and, last of all, the wonderful Cañon of the Yellowstone, with its beautiful falls and painted walls of gorgeous color, will not

soon be forgotten by any one who has seen them. Nor shall we soon forget the view from the top of Mt. Washburn, which few tourists see, but which well repaid us for our trouble and fatigue. The streams here are full of fish, but I have not had the time to try my luck.

To-day we are resting, preparatory to an early start to-morrow morning for Livingston and the East.

Do you know that I cannot realize that it is mid-summer? We left New York in the spring, and it seems as if the season must have stood still and waited our return. We shall spend next Sunday either in St. Paul or Milwaukee; then we go to Chicago, where we hope D. & L. will have a letter for us, and then we start for home, where we hope to arrive the latter part of next week.

Your mother has told you of the game which we saw in the Park, and of the airs your father put on because he saw it first. Well, I *am* glad to get ahead *once*. We seem to be the only parties favored with a sight of game this year—at least I cannot hear of any having been seen. The elk would have been a charming shot.



LIVINGSTON,

July 19th, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

We left Mammoth Hot Springs at eight o'clock, have just had our dinner, and I am seated (for want of a better place) in the sleeper while the train is making up. Of course we came over the same road that we traversed going into the Park. We seem to have left everybody that we ever saw, for the travel is westward. I am sorry to lose some that we have met the past week, who were very agreeable traveling companions. Among them were Judge W. and party. Mr. C., with his daughter, from St. Paul, who is connected with the Northern Pacific R. R., has a private car, and the W.'s are his guests. He came into our car shortly after leaving Cinnabar and invited us to ride with them to Livingston. We accepted, and had a right nice time. The Judge and Miss W. are very agreeable. Our late companions are bound for Alaska, which seems to be quite the fashion. I have found one, at least, to agree with me about mountains. Judge W. wants to go to Alaska, where he can see them from the base up, and realize their height. As I sit and look upon a chain at my left, not three miles off, one peak, I dare say, is 8000 or 9000 feet high, and

is snow-capped; but we are 4500 feet up, and it does not impress me as it should. One thing is certain: I have harped on this string enough. Such varied and grand outlines, such beautiful coloring, and such a multitude of summits I shall never see again. And now we start. Farewell to all that is left behind—gloriously beautiful, wonderful and grand.

Five o'clock: We are this moment crossing the Yellowstone River, for the second time since leaving Livingston. It is quite formidable here, though I am sorry to say that, owing to heavy rains during the last twenty-four hours, it is almost as muddy as the chronically turbid Missouri, into which it flows. We follow it about four hundred miles, and I hope it may redeem its character ere long and come back to the lovely sea-green, which so delighted our senses in the cañon. The land in this mountain territory seems, for the most part, productive enough to invite cultivation, but we traverse miles and miles without seeing a human habitation; and yet what wonder, when we consider its prodigious size, and that six years ago there was not a railroad in the region, and that only nine years ago some of the bloodiest Indian wars were fought? It was in this locality that Custer lost his life. Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, with

their faithful allies, fought desperately to keep the whites from the Territory; and when I stood upon Point Lookout and Inspiration Point and looked into the grandest of all cañons, the Yellowstone, and still more when upon Mt. Washburn and the eye took in as beautiful a landscape as it ever rested on, I could but admire their courage and their deadly struggle to keep their rightful own. But they were effectually subdued, their lands taken, and they banished to reservations. Personally, selfishly, and perhaps cruelly, I am glad of it; but then again they were fighting for their country and their homes. I am just informed that we are passing the Crow Reservation, on which are about 3000 Indians. It is said to be a very fertile and well-watered tract. It looks to me, as we skirt along its borders, a very poor exchange.

Later: I find that I must redeem the character of the Crows, inasmuch as they have been friendly to the whites; but the Sioux and Cheyennes were the combatants for their soil, and the comparatively few who were not killed were driven to far-off reservations. Sitting Bull was sent to Dakota.

After supper: It is an anomaly with me why, as soon as land becomes dry and barren, there the settlers go to make their homes. We have been through a fertile country this afternoon, and not a

soul was to be seen. Now we are on a sage-brush prairie, and have been for some time, and here are poor creatures in mud houses and dug-outs, trying, by *irrigation*, to scratch out a living. I hope they may succeed. I see one man has watered a little spot, and a few—very few—onions, and beets, and potatoes are making a desperate struggle for growth. I cannot see a tree as far as the eye can reach—nothing but alkaline soil again, and the everlasting sage. Night is coming on and we are promised better things to-morrow. We hope for fairer weather, too. The morning stage ride was taken in the rain, and all day there has been a mist hanging over the ever gray buttes that we have come upon, which has cast rather a sombre aspect over everything. The sun is setting red and clear, and we are informed that no rain has fallen here for weeks.

In the midst of this plain we ran into a city named Billings, after a former president of the road. It contains about 2000 people, and Mr. Billings has built here a pretty Congregational church. Your father and I took a turn on the platform, and whom should we espy but Dr. C., of the Congregational Union. He is on the train, and no doubt your father will soon be refreshed. We have again crossed the river at Billings—I think for the last time.

Tuesday, nine o'clock: We have passed an enjoyable night, so far as sleep was concerned, for I was wearied enough with all that I have seen, and with the labor involved in seeing it; so I determined to sleep, let what would come. And there came a land-slide, which delayed us two hours; but I am so accustomed to those things now that I do not lie awake to oversee matters. I do wish for one thing that there might be better toilet-room facilities invented. The accommodations and service on the Northern Pacific are so nearly perfect that I should like to have this road the first to inaugurate a new departure. I suppose there always will be some who consider it a mark of gentility to dress in the cars more elaborately than many do to attend an afternoon reception in New York, and it takes a long time to adjust all this attire in the circumscribed space of the little, wee room; so, when one of this class gains possession, pray what are we plain folks at the end of a long line to do? There has been quite a circus in our car to-day on this account. A string of ladies were kept back till forbearance ceased to be a virtue. An indignation meeting was held, and such a series of knockings commenced as finally resulted in an open door. Being an early bird myself, I had leisure to enjoy the skirmish. But the best is bad enough, and some better

arrangement ought to be made for the comfort of ladies traveling. On three or four occasions, when the drawing-room was unoccupied, the porter smuggled me in there, which was a luxury.

We have just passed the line into Dakota, after having journeyed seven hundred and eighty miles through Montana. This morning we awoke in the Montana Bad Lands, so called from the numberless buttes which crop out on every side, in every conceivable form, and of a gray color, striped with brown and pale yellow. This belt is narrow, and is the best grazing country in the Territory, strange as it may appear. The cattle winter better among the buttes, and the grass (what there is of it) cures itself as it grows, and is very nutritious, though it looks very brown and lifeless.

We are now in the Dakota Bad Lands, similar in formation to the others, but of more vivid coloring. The same peculiarity exists in regard to the pasturage, and many cattle ranches are all along the road. Many of the houses are mud adobes, but as *some* of the cattlemen are making money, these will give way in time to something better. Medora, our next stopping-place, is where the Marquis de Mores has planted a million of dollars in a ranch and abattoirs. It remains to be seen whether he gets it back, though this summer he is beginning to ship his beef.

Medora: We have seen the Marquis. He was standing in his office door, when a man from the platform called, and he came out and answered the greeting. I dwell on him a little, because he is a hero *here*, having killed a man in self-defense three years ago, and just been acquitted, after being in jail, etc. I said to a resident, who was relating an account of the affair: "They will be apt to let him alone now, I think." "You bet," said he. On the platform, too, we made the acquaintance of a cowboy, with pistols, boots and spurs, who is one of the brightest men I ever met. I invited him into our section to get information, and feel well repaid. His remarks are to the point every time, but in typical language, and too voluminous to write. He has asked my address, with the idea of sending me a box of specimens.* This is a curious country. It is all on fire around here. There is a stratum of coal, and coal is mixed with the clay soil. The coal ignites very easily, and there is no way of stopping the fire till it burns itself out. The whole country around Medora looks like a brick-yard, except that there is no mechanical aid to form the baked clay that is lying all around in chips and slabs. The tops of the hillocks are all red-burnt clay. Softer deposits have been washed

*I have heard from him several times since our return.

away, leaving the red rocks in many cases standing out alone in the most *outré* figures imaginable. So we see some new development of nature all the time. Do you weary of hearing about it? Well, it will soon be over now, and I never could have remembered to tell you in any other way.

Dickinson is a town we have just quitted. It is nearly six years old, and is growing rapidly. A ranchman told us that six years ago the buffaloes roamed around here in thousands. The hills were black with them, and thousands of men hunted them for their hides, but there has not been one in this region for three years, except the few in the National Park. We have seen immense piles of their bones all along, where they have been collected for shipment to crushing factories, to be prepared for fertilizing. As we have now passed several car-loads, I will explain why they are here so long after the buffaloes were killed. The animals were slaughtered for their hides only, although sometimes for their tongues also, and the carcasses left on the prairie. Now the bones, clean and bleached, are picked up and transported. It may seem unaccountable to you, as it did to me, that there should have been such a clean sweep. The Union Pacific drove them up this way, and they herded in the Bad Lands; but nobody thought they were all here,

when lo and behold! they were gone. I am indebted to a gentleman from St. Paul, who is returning from a visit to his ranches, for much valuable information, and for more than a corroboration of what I have written about these animals. He has seen the Missouri River so thick with them for miles, when they were on a stampede, that the boats could not cross.

At five o'clock we reached Mandan, a larger town than we have seen since leaving Helena last week. Eight years ago there was no Mandan. Now it has a population of 2500. We saw three banks, a handsome court-house, several creditable brick blocks, and a few fine residences. This town is west of the Missouri, and after crossing the river on a bridge over fourteen hundred feet long we come to Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, which contains 4500 inhabitants. In appearance it is much like Mandan, except larger, which fact aggravates the people of the latter place, who aspire to overrun the former. While crossing the bridge we saw at a little distance Fort Lincoln, where General Custer passed the last two years of his life. This post was attacked several times by the Sioux. Since crossing the river we seem to have come into a more civilized and Christian land. It does really seem good to see

farms planted with corn and potatoes. There is not a fence anywhere—only the boundless plain; but I dare say each proprietor knows his own. The ranchman said to-day that some of his cattle sometimes stray off two hundred miles, and he hears nothing of them for a year; but they are all branded, the mark registered, and whoever finds a cow with a calf puts the same mark on that as the mother has, and either they or their equivalent must come back. And now night is drawing near. The next town of importance is Jamestown, one hundred and twelve miles from Bismarck. Between this city and Fargo lies the great Red River wheat belt. We do not pass Fargo, it being a little north of our line. We must go through Jamestown and the great wheat fields during the night, which I regret, as we are told that the harvesting is now at its height; however, we have seen wheat harvesting in all its glory farther south. What a long time it seems since we were in the Joaquin Valley! Your father says we *do* go right through Fargo, and he is sorry that it happens in the night. Amen.

Good-morning, my dear children and Grace. A pretty morning it is, too. The night was not particularly comfortable. The car was hot, and I did not sleep very well, but was recompensed partly by

a good look at Fargo at half-past one o'clock. It spreads out considerably, and has the appearance of a well-to-do city, with its horse railroads and electric lights. If the number of locomotives, the screaming of engines, and the jingling of bells are any signs, it is an enterprising one without doubt. We crossed the Red River at that point, and came into Moorhead, on the opposite bank, another town of some push and success, considering its youth. We awoke in Minnesota, and shortly after crossed the Crow River, a wide, handsome, rapid and *clear* stream. This was too early for your father, who indulged in another nap, and was late at breakfast. At Brainerd, a large town with an imposing hotel, named The Villard, we crossed the Mississippi, and I rejoice that I am in a latitude to see it uncolored, transparent and inviting. The sight of trees is appetizing. I enjoyed my breakfast better for looking out upon the green grass and the waving fields of grain—corn especially, which we have missed so much. In the early morning the trees were mostly white birches, but soon oaks appeared and they still continue; and, though they are somewhat diminutive and rather scrubby, they are *something*. I do not wonder that in going over those Western plains, where not a thing greets the eye but the boundless and cheerless expanse and the

red-hot glare of the sun, the largest building you see in the distance—indeed, often the only one—is the insane asylum.

Did you read about the cyclone at Sauk Rapids this spring? We have just been out on the platform to see the result of its power. One-half of the railroad bridge over the Mississippi is gone—stone piers and all, and nearly the whole town, which is being rebuilt. It followed the river to St. Cloud, a mile below, and took a belt out of that town, killing in both places seventy-three people. It is a pitiable sight. Alas! where are we safe, except in the encircling arms of our dear Father in Heaven?

St. Paul: We parted with Dr. C. and the rest of our newly-found acquaintances at Minneapolis, and reached here in time for dinner. The part of the State that we came over is said to be the most fertile. Certainly it was a luxury to us to see the thrift that everywhere prevailed—the beautiful green, the many lakes, and rivers, and streams.



HOTEL RYAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.,

July 21st, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your mother has told you most of what has happened to us since we left the Mammoth Hot Springs, where we closed our last letters to you. After giving you our address we changed our plans and decided to come directly here, making this headquarters for both St. Paul and Minneapolis. The hotel is very full, there being a convention in session here (on charities, I believe), with a great many delegates in attendance, among them Miss Clara Barton and ex-President Hayes, whom we saw at dinner.

Your mother has written of our meeting Dr. C. at Billings. He was not in our car, but we have visited quite a little during the past two days. Aside from the Bad Lands in Montana and Dakota, there has been nothing especially notable in the scenery since we left the Park, though it is wonderful to note how towns and cities have sprung up almost in a night along the line of the railroad. It is pleasant to get back once more into a civilized country; to see green grass and growing crops, such as we are used to, and without irrigation.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

July 23d, 1886.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

Your letters, as well as W.'s telegram, came yesterday, and we were glad to hear that all are well. As for ourselves, we arrived here in a weary and rather dilapidated condition. I do not consider the former state the result of excessive travel; probably the sudden descent from the great altitude in which we had been sojourning had something to do with it, for while there I could accomplish a great deal without fatigue. I do not know how long such an effervescence would have continued, but for the time being it was delightful to be able to go everywhere and do everything with no constraint of bodily weakness or lack of mental appreciation.

Your father did not seem to feel the change so much. In the morning he rehabilitated himself in garments befitting a gentleman, and, after having had his head and face divested of all superfluous growth, departed to Minneapolis to begin again his routine of inspection, etc.

As for myself, the flesh was weak and the spirit not willing. First, I felt unequal to the task of making myself presentable until I had spent a part of the day, at least, in strict seclusion, and second, I had been too recently beholding and

contemplating the beautiful, the grand, and the wonderful works of nature to be entertained by going over a flouring mill!

I am coming down to every-day life. I am almost there, and I begin to realize that my play-day is nearly over. Shall I sometime awake and find that the past three months are all a dream? Thus my day was spent in reminiscence and reflection. This morning I was ready to go into the world again and see St. Paul, a city not particularly saintly, I should think, and perhaps not otherwise, but so named because it grew from the St. Paul's Mission. We drove all about, in company with one of the agents of the "Home," thereby getting a pretty accurate knowledge of the town. Considering its age, its growth is almost fabulous, though I believe that of Minneapolis is more so. The rivalry between the two cities is great.

A goodly number of railroad magnates live here, and their homes are beautiful. Summit avenue has some of the finest residences I ever saw. The streets impress me as rather narrow, but the wholesale stores and many public buildings are large, solid, and would compare favorably with those in any city I know.

Saturday: After breakfast this morning your father and I took the cars for Minneapolis, where

we arrived after a half-hour's ride, and thence we proceeded directly to Minnehaha Falls. I was afraid I should be cheated out of that, if your father's friends got hold of us first. The falls are about five miles from Minneapolis, and are very pretty. At this season a rather thin sheet of water comes over the rocks, but the formation is unique, being in the form of a horseshoe, and the layers of rock are as even as though they had been chiseled. There is a path all around the inside of the shoe behind the falls. I went half-way around, and the water was about ten feet in front of me. A lovely rainbow lent its charm at the foot, while the stream gurgles and splashes through a wild and romantic ravine, reached by a flight of long stairs, much easier to go down than to ascend this hot day. Speaking of falls, I have always supposed that those of St. Anthony amounted to something, and perhaps they do, if one could see them. They are across the Mississippi, which is rather wide here, but are covered for their whole depth with an apron! It seems that the power is utilized for milling and manufacturing purposes; and, as the rock is worn by the force of the water, in order to keep them for use instead of beauty, they are boxed, that they may not recede! The greed and grasp of narrow minds is not confined to

Connecticut Yankees, I am happy to say, though perhaps this is the work of Yankees only one or two generations removed.

Minneapolis is a thriving town, on the flood-tide of prosperity. Fortunes are made in no time. To hear men talk one would suppose that you had only to buy a piece of land to-day, and next week or next month you would be a millionaire, or on the straight road to be one. There is no end to the buildings going up. The city contains a greater number of elegant residences than I ever saw in any one place of its size, and one of the Washburn's has a larger private house than any I have ever seen; it is simply immense. The streets are wider than in St. Paul, and there are no fences. There is an ordinance providing that the ground in front of every house shall be in boulevard fashion; that is, there shall be first the lawn, down or out to the pavement; then another strip of green sod, some six feet wide, beyond the pavement and next the street. This being uniform, and all closely shaven and fresh, you can imagine somewhat the effect. There is also every conceivable style of architecture, and just as much variety of material used in building as possible. Each one strives, as our friend told us, to outvie his neighbor, and the success is great. The churches, too, are on a grand

scale, and I have never seen any finer or more costly anywhere, unless it be Dr. Hall's Church and the Collegiate Church at Forty-eighth street. Those are not as ornate, but your father thinks they may have cost more. Every one must be impressed with the fact that these twin cities are remarkable. Minneapolis is only thirty-two years old, and though St. Paul's Mission dates further back, the actual growth is coeval with her sister. St. Paul is the more commercial, while the wealth of Minneapolis is derived mostly from manufacturing pursuits, and in both cities many persons have become millionaires from real-estate speculation. They are called "Twin Sisters," and glory in the name themselves; but I have known people bearing that relationship who did not seem so jealous and envious of each other.

Your father has been to church this Sunday morning. Yesterday was a hard day, for the thermometer ran up to ninety-four degrees, and the night air was far from bracing; so I staid home to rest for our departure to-night. One more city to visit, Milwaukee, and I shall have seen all that is new in our eastward path.



MONDAY MORNING,

July 26th, 1886.

Good-morning, my dear children; and it seems nice to be able to say this greeting without feeling three hours behind hand. We left St. Paul at ten o'clock last night. The sleeper was very full, which fact did not improve the air. The thermometer was well up, the lamp shone in my face, and two young girls (I cannot say ladies) opposite me talked all night. More than once I was reminded of W.'s remarks up in the Maine woods, on the subject of giggling. One would suppose that I might be just a little cross this morning, but my natural amiability forbids it. Besides, I got a good start. At half-past five I arose from my luxurious couch and dressed in the most improved manner, after three months' practice in this style of conveniences. At this juncture the ever genial, let-what-will-happen gentleman, your father, was ready to accompany me to breakfast, from which repast we have but now returned to our car. We were sorry to lose so much of Wisconsin during the night, it being new to us, but it is a generous State, and there is a good deal left. A shower has fallen, and the country is charming. The dew upon the grass, sparkling in the early sun, was refreshing to see; and as we passed a wooded extent, covered with young spruce-trees, whose thick foliage

held the dripping moisture, which was also glistening, the effect was novel and pleasing. I wonder if any color of foliage and landscape other than green could have such a cooling and soothing influence if it had been given at first by the Disposer of all good? We are going through a perfect garden, whose background is the greenest of oaks, which are stretched against the sky for a long distance. Occasionally a farm-house comes into view, with the tall, straight, Lombardy poplars about it, breaking in their height the monotony of the line, while all around are the variously cultivated farms, each variety of produce in its own tint of green, broken only by the shades of brown, unharvested grain. The clumps of young oaks sending out their new growth of pink tips, the hay-ricks in the meadows, the trees laden with their unripe fruit, the solitary maples and elms now and then rising out of the undulating plain, the groups of white birches clustering in the foreground, all combine to cheer and soften the weary—and the rebellious, if such there be. I did feel a little of the latter spirit this morning, when the sun broke out in a red-hot blaze, and there was every promise of a scorching ride on the sunny side of the car; but clouds have veiled the sun, and this all-pervading freshness and beauty have charmed me into peace and restfulness.

This train goes so fast that one can hardly think. At this rate we expect to reach Milwaukee at eleven o'clock. The station we halt at now is Watertown, the first place of importance since leaving Portage, at breakfast-time. There is a pretty river flowing along, with power, too, I judge, by the mills upon its banks. The church-steeple towers up as though they took pride in telling the world that they are representatives of a religious community.

Your father has marched back to say that he is delighted to leave the Gardens of the Gods, the Bad Lands, sage brush, and all the other good things, and get back to something like life and thrift. He is already pining for 119 Broadway, and longs to harness into business. Oh, happy inevitable! I hope I have left the Indians behind, for one thing. I am sick and tired of them, having heard lately so much of their atrocities and their mean, sneaking, crafty, lazy and filthy habits, that my sympathy for them has about died out. I never did feel like making pets of them, as I heard a lady say last night the people of Washington are now doing with those dreadful Apaches, who have just been murdering every one they could lay their hands on. Whenever I have been near any of the race, some one has pulled me by the sleeve and whispered: "Oh, don't go too near, or you will suffer the consequences."

I wonder what lake this is that we have just flown by? Boats are on it, with a summer hotel on the shore. It is not far this side of Oconomowoc, a flourishing town, while Nashotah, right here, is the seat of a large Episcopal seminary. There are happy farmers in this region. The cattle are numerous, and fat, and sleek. The barns are large and filling up with harvest. The houses are commodious, and evidently built with regard to comfort, some being luxurious looking abodes. Truly, our country is great, and Wisconsin is no mean factor. How any foreigner can travel through the length and breadth of our land and not be struck by its beauty, wealth, magnificence, and rising power, I cannot imagine. And the intelligence of the people is something amazing. Wherever we go, even in the most remote sections, there appear the church and the school-house, the latter often the finest building in the place; it might be so in regard to the churches, if it were not thought necessary to have two, three or four—almost one to each man's creed. The great fact is that the seed of New England is all over this broad land, and is the leaven which will save and keep this country. I should think that nearly every American settler whom we have met originated there.

Five o'clock P. M.: Eleven o'clock found us safe at Milwaukee, and, after leaving me at Hotel

Plankington, your father proceeded to the office, businesswise. Since dinner we have been driving about town. This is to me a peculiar city, inasmuch as the German element prevails to a large extent, fully one-third the population being of that extraction, and what makes it appear more so is the fact that a great Sængerfest has been held here since Wednesday. It closed last night, or we might not have found a place to lay our heads. I condescended this afternoon to visit a brewery, the largest in this country, if not in the world. It did not interest me as much as it did your father, for good business reasons, though the space occupied is immense and the number of barrels turned out yearly is appalling—namely: four hundred thousand!

This town has the advantage of a fine water front on Lake Michigan, and facing it, and in that vicinity, are the handsomest dwellings. The business part of the city is not equal to that of the "Twin Cities" in style and general appearance, but it is very rich, and the homes compare favorably with those of Minneapolis; in fact, there is a great similarity, the houses standing alone, and no fences, with the same arrangement in front, though here it is optional with the owner. Milwaukee has about 165,000 inhabitants, and its growth has been mostly during the last thirty-six years. People in the East, who have

never been West, can have little idea of the push, and wealth, and beauty of these cities.

Tuesday: Last night your father and I indulged in a little dissipation. Mr. D. asked us to an entertainment in the Exhibition Building. It was a grand concert given by one of the musical societies here, and a large part of the singing was by children from eight to perhaps fifteen years old. The building had been put in order at great expense for the Sængerfest, and made capable of seating eight thousand people in chairs. Last night it was two-thirds full, and the spectacle was very imposing. The children were a wonderful sight. There were several hundreds, most of them Germans, and all the girls dressed in white. But, oh! how they did sing! Such precision in time, such blending of harmony, and such sweet voices I never heard.

The house was profusely decorated with flags and evergreens, as is, in fact, the whole city. The triumphal arches alone have cost a great sum, and there is no end of quaint designs and bunting. In the cars, in the hotel and in the streets I hear nothing but guttural, and suttural, and dotteral, and quatteral. I expected every moment to hear your father get off his show sentence in the language, but after his attempt with Mr. M., he is a trifle shy before me. It is said that during the first day of

the festival three thousand barrels of beer were drunk! .

Later, on the train: Milwaukee, my last city in the chain, is left behind. We watched its pretty environs from the platform, and I reflected that this is the only *new* road before me, this little three hours' trip to Chicago. What a circle we have spanned since last we bid good-bye to our friends there, amid their adieux and good wishes! How much we have seen to remember and enjoy the remainder of our lives! How mercifully we have been preserved from sickness, accidents and perils! And then our loved ones at home. How kindly has the dear Father watched over them, surrounding them with blessings and comforts! And even still, as we fly along, all nature is smiling at us in her most beautiful garments of forest, field and flower, looking never more lovely than when she is welcoming us back to our friends and home. You two, who have followed us so closely in our wanderings, in our adventures and in our delights, with dear little Grace, are not the least in our thoughts as we approach the place where first we tried to tell you of our welfare day by day in these letters, which are so soon to give place to actual fellowship once more.

THE END.

